

THIS QUARTER

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THIS QUARTER

October - November - December

EDITORIALLY :

A TRIP TO ITALY Probably much earlier evidence exists of the Englishman's proneness to leave his country in the sedulous pursuit of sunshine elsewhere. For ourselves, we can go back as far only as 1698 when Dr. Martin Lister wrote his *Journey to Paris*, reporting that he availed himself of the first opportunity that had offered itself to come to Paris because, he said, "so much I prefer fair Nature and a warm Sun, before the most exquisite performance of Art in a cold and barren climate." One page further along he explained : "This great benefit of French Air I had experienced 3 several times before, and had therefore long'd for a passage many years; but the continuance of the War was an insuperable Obstacle to my Desires."

Whatever may have been in Paris the atmospheric conditions about 1698, in the summer of 1930 they were so abominable that we decided to leave the city for a spell in search of a more equable climate. So sunward we went to Italy, with Forte dei Marmi as the settling-down point. Italian friends had been telling us how entirely unfashionable it was and as yet untouched by the influx of visitors of international variety. Which we found true to the letter. Of English visitors we have encountered none. Of Americans three in all, women, two of whom were married to Italian husbands, the third on a visit to them. They may not have been responsible entirely for the copious consumption of cocktails a German bar tender was busily concocting, but they were responsible for the installation on the beach, outside their tent, of a gramophone from which issued during the bathing hours one piece of jazz infliction after another. By what means the swarthy, gnome-like children over-running the beach were kept away from that center of aeolian attraction, we were unable to discover. Perhaps jazz is treated with disdain by the finer unspoilt Italian ear. Contrariwise, a numerous entourage of handsome "serving cava-liers" was always present.

Day and evening, the three American graces were the cynosure of men and women. Whether that was due to their beauty or loudness or to their attire which off or on the beach was becomingly too scanty to be ostentatious, it would be difficult to say. They were undeniably beautiful, much burnt by the sun, — bronze statues of living flesh of a dark-golden hue that only Italy's solar alchemy can

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pour out of its mysterious dye-vats. Tall and slender, their bodies were wind-stirred stalks fittingly supporting the flowers of their faces of a classically pure mould, but bewilderingly bland and frigid, They dominated the scene entirely.



A THOMAS MANN REMINISCENCE Of other non-Italian visitors there was also a handful of Germans summering at Forte dei Marmi. The greater part of these were permanently settled in Italy, living in and roundabout Florence — painters, sculptors, writers, critics of art, self-exiles all, in most cases intermarried with Italians. It appears that Germans were the original discoverers of Forte dei Marmi as a summer resort, and it has since been the favorite, if still rather isolated seaside center of Italy's artistic and literary folk.

Many of the non-resident Germans prefer to come to Forte dei Marmi at the fag end of the summer season, some of them even wintering there. The Thomas and Heinrich Manns, who are noted for their Italian propensities, are not strangers to it. Certainly Thomas Mann is not, for the scene of his recently published long short novel, *Mario und der Zauberer*, now available in English, is laid in Forte dei Marmi, although due, as we suspect, to a somewhat exceptional combination of highly unpleasant circumstances of which he and his family had been the victims, he had concealed it under another name. The conversational proprietress of the Pension Regina rarely misses an opportunity to relate with evident pride and relish to whomsoever may unguardedly betray an interest in the subject the more or less pertinent incidents of the Nobel Prize Recipient's and his family's sojourn under her roof.



THE COUNTRY OF SHELLEY'S DEATH We had left the train at Viareggio, whence a short motor run, closely hugging the coast all the way, brought us to Forte dei Marmi. Rapallo is one of the beautiful towns one passes on the way to Viareggio, and the speed with which the train made off after but a moment's stop at the station prevented us, despite the use of fieldglasses, from catching a glimpse of a certain renowned villa on the front wall of which we have been told the municipality had affixed a bronze tablet bearing the following inscription: "Here resides Signor Ezra Pound, the greatest American poet living in Italy."

Speaking of a great poet, we have found it unceasingly difficult from the moment we left the train at Viareggio to shake off the remembrance of the historic association of the locality with the

most affecting page in the annals of English literature. One sits muted by the thought that it might have been almost within hailing distance that this same Mediterranean, now welling no more perceptibly than the heave of a woman's breast, had borne Shelley to his death, and that the wheels of the conveyance that carries one forward may even now be desecrating the ground upon which, strewn with incense and salt, and sprinkled with the wine of the countryside, in the presence of Byron, Hunt and Trelawney, his decomposing body had been consigned to the flames.



BORN The Italian is a natural born guide. He knows **CICERONES** instinctively what a stranger would like to see and leads him to it. He will not as a rule obtrude upon you his judgment as to what you *should* see, and by that token will you be able to tell the born guide from the made. The Italians like to speak of their country's worthies, of its antiquities, art treasures and places of historic interest And it is done so subtly and seductively as to make it difficult to realise that any new knowledge so acquired is due entirely to what your companion has unobtrusively imparted a short moment ago. So it happened that thanks to the amiability, patience and great indulgence of our friend Arturo Loria, whom his countrymen honour with the insufficient sobriquet "the Italian Poe," and — amongst others — Signor Pellizzi of the University of London, whose English — pure Swift — we listened to with fascination, before we had been in Forte dei Marmi many hours, we found ourselves standing before the modest villa where D. H. Lawrence had been staying at one time.

And as to the villa where Aldous Huxley had written *Point Counterpoint* or the greater part of it, that, we felt, we had known, oh! ever so many years before the book could even have been conceived. We just knew instinctively, thanks to the delicate insinuating quality of our cicerone, that Huxley had been surprised on more than one occasion in his wooded garden, clad only in much abbreviated bathing trunks, his back propped up against a tree, his antenna legs in some mysterious manner so disposed and collected that they formed a stand for the support of his typewriter upon which was being clicked off page after page of his voluminous novel. Even negative information was slyly purveyed, namely that although there were quite a few trees around the Huxley villa, it was not there that Michael Arlen had written his *Babes in the Wood* and that none of the Norman Douglas notorious limericks had been composed there since the ban against all scatological performances was rigidly enforced.

The following day the most sumptuous villa at Forte dei Marmi was shown us in passing. It was the residence, alas no longer

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occupied by him, of the Prince of Montevoso né d'Annunzio. The shutters were up and tongues wagged no longer.



SUNSETS Inexhaustible at Forte dei Marmi is the wealth of colour in the skies and upon the reflecting waters : inexhaustible, incessantly renewed and splashed upon that vast pallet of heaven and sea in a luminous amalgam of jewels, flowers, fruit and precious ores, with a lavishness only the bon-vivant divinities whose sceptre and trident swayed the world " in the beginning " could afford. Such are the sunsets at Forte dei Marmi. When the time of twilight draws near, and unrelentingly for hours at a stretch before ultimate night hoods the heavens into repose, the skies are swept, washed and embroidered with a savage motley of hues for which human language will never discover fitting spoken equivalents. The whole gamut of them is there with its reds and purples, its silvers and yellows, massed and terraced, now furiously crashing through one another, now amicably resolving into a molten placidity and calm. So from a variegated flaming flood they sink chromatically into a yellow-green enamelled upon hammer-dented gold, and graduate down to a definite burnished green as of the sheath of the native green fig. This green narrows down finally to a thin gleam on the horizon's edge like the closing deliberate eye of an Oriental, and isolated now, abandoned by the expired radiance of sister-colours, and left to its own devices, it takes shy refuge in the descended blue boredom of night...



WHITE BEARDED MOUNTAINS Forte dei Marmi is protected from the north winds by a famous Alpine mountain range. On a clear day the crags stand sharply carved against the horizon as by an engraver's burin, and here and there the slopes like titanic white beards glow beneath the sun. The expanse of white patches is not snow for which it might indeed be taken, but unhealed gashes blasted out by the quarrymen. From there comes the world-famous Carrara marble. Since the Roman Empire's earliest days these mountains have been under tribute to Roman sculpture and architecture. The ancient quarries are still in full operation and although the introduction of modern blasting methods and electric drills have increased enormously the output, teams of oxen continue as for centuries past to be employed in the moving of the huge blocks down to the jetty at Forte dei Marmi, where they are loaded upon boats and shipped to all parts of the world.

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There is a small, centuries-old fort in the town, now renovated and put to modern uses, from which, as well as from the ancient marble industry, much older than the fort, Forte dei Marmi — marble fort — derives its name.

The marble quarries of Carrara are the most enduring evidence of

*Civilizations..... set up and knocked down
the same as pins in a bowling alley.*

THOMAS MANN

DINA

*Authorized translation from the German
by Ludwig Lewisohn*

Sichem or Shekem was the name of the place where came to pass those stories and dim tumults that are to be set forth here according to their real nature, cleansed of those slight improvements upon the truth which men, speaking handsomely of the past and answering every : "Knowest thou thereof?" by an : "Of a truth I know!", deemed it their duty to make, and which thus became traditional first to that tribe, later to the world. If we narrate that evil and finally bloody occurrence at all, whereof the memories, aided by others no less full of dread, wrote weary furrows upon the aged face of Jaakob and helped to constitute the memoried dignity of his later years, our purpose therein is to elucidate further our characterisation of the man's soul and because his behaviour on that occasion throws strongest light upon the reason why Simeon and Levi secretly nudged each the other whenever their father made use of that honorable name and title of his which he derived even from his God.

The passive heroine of this adventure at Shekem was Dina, Jaakob's little daughter, and only girl-child, born of Lea at the beginning of her second period of fertility—at the beginning, we say, not toward its end, not after Issachar and Sebulon as the far later written chronicle avers. The chronology of the written tradition cannot

be true, for the simple reason that, according to it, Dina could not have been physically ripe for the fate that overtook her. She was, in fact, four years older than Joseph, hence nine years old when Jaakob and his people came to Sichem and thirteen at the time of the catastrophe — two significant years older than an arithmetical examination of the traditional chronology makes her. Yet these were the two years of her blooming into a woman as attractive as one might expect of a daughter of Lea, more so, in truth, for a space, than was to be hoped for in a child of that vigorous but uncomely tribe. A true child, moreover, of those Mesopotamian steppes to which is granted an early, lush spring-tide of overwhelming bloom, to be followed by no living summer. For by May the pitiless sun has scorched to cinders the floral splendor of Spring. Such, then, was Dina's physical constitution; nor did life fail to do its share toward making of her, before her time, a weary and withered little woman. Concerning the place assigned her by the ancient scribes among the descendants of Jaakob—little significance attaches to it. Utter carelessness guided their hands when they simply set down the girl's name at the end of the list of the offspring of Lea rather than in its proper place, desiring not to break the record of the sons' succession by so annoying a trifle as a female's name. What matters exactitude in regard to a girl? The birth of such an one is little better than actual barrenness, and Dina's appearance on earth, set in its proper order, was mere transition from Lea's brief period of infertility to that new time of her body's fruitfulness which set in seriously only with the birth of Issachar. To this day every school child knows that Jaakob had twelve sons and can rattle off their names, while the majority of people do not even suspect the existence of that unhappy little Dina and are astonished at her very name. Jaakob, however, loved her as dearly as he could love any child not born of Rachel, hid her from Esau in a coffin

and in due time suffered bitter heart's pain for her sake. We are the more persuaded to dwell upon her story for the reason that it influenced in the strangest and most moving fashion the later life of Joseph and blended therewith by virtue of a natural and yet mysterious dispensation.

Thus Jaakob, the blessed of the Lord, coming from the Jabbok and from his meeting with Esau, accompanied by men and gear, by his herds of which the sheep alone numbered five thousand and five hundred, by slave-women, men-serfs, drivers, sheep and neat herds, goats, asses, camels as both mounts and beasts of burden, Jaakob the father crossed the Jardên, glad to have escaped the excessive heat of the river valley, the wild boars and pards of his poplar and willow thickets, and to have reached a land of gentle hills and fertile vales sonant with living waters where barley grew wild and in one of which he came upon the stead called Shekem, a comfortable settlement in the shadow of Mount Garizim, sundry centuries old, surrounded by a wall of thick unmortised stones which protected the Lower City lying south east and the Upper City lying north west, the latter being called Upper not only because built on an artificial mound five double-ells in height, but also in a transferred and reverential sense, seeing that this city consisted almost wholly of the palace of the city's prince Hamor and of the octagonal massy tower of the temple of Baal-berit, these two structures being then naturally the first objects that met the eyes of Jaakob and his people upon their entrance into the valley and their approach to the eastern city-gate. Shekem had just fifteen hundred inhabitants not counting the twenty and odd men of the Egyptian garrison whose chief, an extremely youthful officer from the Delta region had been stationed here for the single purpose of collecting annually, directly from the city's prince Hamor indirectly from the rich merchants of the Lower City, sundry bars of gold bent into circles which had to be sent

to the city of Amun and the failure of which to arrive would have caused the young *Weser-ke-bastet* — thus was the young Egyptian called — very serious personal difficulties.

It is not hard to imagine with what divided feelings the people of Shekem, informed by their tower-guards as well as by homecoming burghers, received the news of the Nomads' approach. None knew whether the intent of these wanderers was good or evil; in the latter case the town-dwellers, judging from previous experiences of predatory attack and feeble defense, harboured just fear for the security of Shekem, in spite of its rude wall. The spirit of the place was scarcely warlike, rather mercantile, comfortable, given to peace and ease. Prince Hamor was a morose old man with painful knotted joints, and his son, young Sichem, but an effeminate stripling with a harem of his own, a lolter on soft couches and devourer of sweets. Under these circumstances the townspeople would have been but too happy to have put their trust in the martial virtue of the Egyptian garrison, if they had had the slightest reason therefor. But this small troop which, gathered about its falcon-headed, peacock-feathered ensign, called itself "the sundisc's radiant guard," justified no hope of serious defense, down from its very commandant, the aforementioned *Weser-ke-bastet*, who had as little of the warrior about him as possible. He was on intimate terms with the effeminate Sichem and was given over to the point of folly, to two hobbies — cats and flowers. He was a child of the lower Egyptian city of *Pir Bastet*, which the people of this land adopted into their dialect as *Pi-Beset*, whence it came that the Shekemites called the officer simply *Beset*. The local deity of his native city was the cat-headed goddess *Bastet* and hence came his measureless devotion to felines. Wherever he went, he was surrounded by cats of all hues and ages and not only by the living but by the dead, for against the walls of his quarters leaned various mum-

mified cats to whom he brought with tears offering of mice and milk. In harmony with these fond practices was his love of flowers which might have been an admirable compensatory trait in one of manlier inclinations; in him it was a source of final discouragement. He went about constantly with a broad collar woven of fresh flowers, and the most trivial object he used had to be wreathed in flowers. The thing was laughable. Nor did he ever wear martial garb. He went about in a robe of white batiste through which shimmered an undergarment, his arms and torso wreathed in ribands, nor had he even been seen in armour or carrying any weapon save a light stick. It was his moderate scrivener's skill that had caused Beset to be made an officer.

As for his men, to whom by the way, he paid little or no attention, they were accustomed to boast in turgid phrases concerning the warlike deeds of a former king of their country, Thusmoses III, and of the Egyptian army which, in seventeen campaigns under his leadership, had conquered the land even to the river Euphrates. Their personal valour they showed mainly in the devouring of roast geese and beer, having exhibited their hopeless cowardice both on the occasion of a conflagration and on that of a Bedouin attack upon the open villages that acknowledged the town's sovereignty, and this cowardice had been most fatal on the part of the native Egyptians, there being among them sundry yellow-skinned Libyans as well as a few blacks from Nubia. Whenever, merely to show themselves, they made their way, straining forward and trotting as though in flight, with their wooden shields, javelins, sickles and triangular leathern aprons, through the crooked alleys of Shekem, through the crowd of riders on asses and camels, of water and melon hucksters, of chaffers at bazaars, the townspeople exchanged glances of contemptuous understanding behind their backs. Mainly however these warriors of Pharaon passed their time playing the games of "Guess

how many fingers," or "who hit whom," singing meanwhile their songs concerning the heavy fate of the soldier, especially of him who had to drag out his existence in the wretched land of Amu instead of rejoicing in life on the banks of the rich and peopled Nile and under the many-hued columns of No, *the* city, the incomparable city, No Amun, the city of the gods. That the fate and protection of Shekem weighed lighter than a grain of wheat on their conscience was a matter unluckily beyond all doubt.

The disquietude of the townspeople would have been even more vivid could they have overheard the speeches that passed among the elder sons of the approaching chief and the plans closely concerning Shekem which these dust-covered, intrepid-eyed youngsters softly discussed ere submitting them to their father who, to be sure, forbade their execution with stern decisiveness. Ruben or Reuben, as the eldest was properly called, was at this time seventeen years old; Simeon and Levi were sixteen and fifteen; Dan, Bilha's son, an ingenious and subtile boy, was also fifteen, and the slender swift Naphtali was of one age with the strong but melancholy Juda, namely fourteen. These were the sons of Jaakob that planned in secret. Gad and Asher, though sturdy and mentally mature for their eleven and ten years, were not yet drawn into the fraternal councils as were not, of course, the three youngest.

What was at issue? The very thing that troubled the townspeople. Those who put their heads together out there, those fellows browned almost to blackness by the sun of Naharina in their kirtles of skins and their hair stiff with unguents, were rather rudely inclined sons of the wastelands and shepherd boys, apt at the use of bow and knife, accustomed to meeting buffaloes and lions and to rough fights to the finish with stranger herdsmen over a grazing place. They had inherited little of Jaakob's gentleness and questing for God. They

were solid and practical minded, filled with a defiant youthful tribal pride that looked for affronts and chances for combat, and based its truculence upon the spiritual aristocracy of their fathers which they had, in fact, not inherited. Roofless for long, wayfarers and wanderers, they had the nomad's attitude toward the dwellers in the fruitful land they were now entering, deeming themselves the superiors of settled folk in hardiness and boldness and their minds were set on rapine. Dan was the first who, speaking from a corner of his mouth, had proposed that Shekem be attacked by surprise and plundered. Ruben, an honorable soul but ever subject to sudden impulses, swiftly agreed; Simeon and Levi, pugnacious above their brethren, yelled and danced for sheer delight of adventurousness, their zeal enhanced, too, by the pride of being admitted into the councils of their elders.

What they debated was not, in truth, an unheard of thing. That cities of the land should be attacked and even temporarily occupied by greedy intruders from the desert, whether south or east, whether Chabiri or Bedouins by race, while no everyday matter, was still a recurrent event. The tradition, however, which has as its source not the townsmen but the Chabiri, the Ibrim in the narrower sense of the word, the bene Israel, passes in silence with the best conscience in the world and quite convinced of the justification of such an epic reshaping of reality, over the fact that in Jaakob's camp a warlike regulation of relations with Shekem was intended from the beginning and that the execution of this plan was delayed for several years, that is to say until the lamentable incident concerning Dina, solely by the resistance of the tribal chief.

This resistance, let us admit, was majestic and unconquerable. The mood of Jaakob at this time was one of high elevation and was derived from transforming experience, the significance of his spiritual life, and sustained by his inclination to the prophetic combination of ideas.

His life for the past twenty-five years seemed to his solemn meditateness harmonious with the cosmos, symbol of the great circle of Being — an alternation of heaven and hell faring and of resurrection and as a most happy content for his mythic framework of world-becoming. From Beer-sheba he had once reached Bet-el, the scene of that great vision of the ladder, which had been his heavenfaring. Thence he had gone into the waste of the underworld, where twice seven years he had had to serve, sweat and freeze, whereafter he had grown very rich through the outwitting of a sly yet stupid devil named Laban. Having attained to a certain vision of life, he could not but see in his Mesopotamian father-in-law a black moondemon and wicked dragon who had cheated him, whom he had then in turn cheated and thoroughly robbed, whereupon, well-guarding the stolen gear and above all his liberated Ishtar, Rachel of the sweet eyes, he had, his heart filled with great and holy laughter, broken the bars of the underworld and risen into this vale of Sichem. That vale need not have been as rich in flowers as upon his advent it, in fact, was to have seemed to his seer's eye a place of renewal, whence his life was to begin on a new arc in the circle of Being. Nor did the abrahamic associations of this place fail to render his heart full of a gentle reverence toward his grandfather. While his sons remembered Abraham in his war-like aspect, remembering his sudden overthrow of the armies of the East, whereby he blunted the teeth of the star-worshippers, Jaakob the father meditated upon his ancestor's friendship with Malchesedek, high-priest of Sichem, upon the blessing between them given and received, upon the sympathy and recognition which Malchesedek had given unto Abraham's God. Hence the reception he gave his huge boys when in a manner almost surreptitious and almost poetical they ventured to suggest their rude plan, was the worst conceivable.

"Get ye gone from me," he cried, "and that upon

the instant! Shame should consume you, sons of Lea and Bilha! Are we desert-thieves who come like locusts and like a plague of God into the land to devour the tiller's harvest? Are we a nameless and unfathered rabble that has no choice save between beggary and theft? Was not Abram a prince among the princes of the land and a brother of the mighty? Perchance ye would with your bloody swords make yourselves lords of cities and live in war and terror! How then will ye keep our lambs upon pastures that are wroth against you and our goats upon hills that resound with hate? Away with you, stupid louts! Dare not to think such thoughts! Go forth upon our business; see to it that the yeanelings accept food and save the mothers' milk. Gather the hair of the camels that we have stuff to clothe the serfs and the herd-boys, for the time of their casting off of their old smocks is nigh. Go forth, I say, and test me the ropes of the tents and the hooks of the tent-roofs, lest rottenness steal in and a misfortune come to pass and the house fall down upon Israel. But I, ye are to understand, will gird my loins and set forth to the gate of the city and speak in the spirit of peace and wisdom with the townspeople and with Hamor, their guardian, in order that there may be drawn up between us a valid and written covenant whereby we may acquire land of them and trade with them for our benefit and not to their hurt."

Thus, then, it came to pass. Jaakob had pitched his tents not far from the city near a grove of ancient mulberry trees and terebinths which seemed to him to have a sacred character, in an undulating plain of pastures and tillable land, whence one beheld the naked cliffs of Mount Ebal, by the side of which arose Garizim, with rocky peak but fertile base, and from this spot he sent three men with graceful gifts for Hamor, shepherd of his folk, to Shekem: a bundle of doves, pressed loaves of dried fruits, a lamp in the form of a duck and a couple of handsome pitchers on which had been painted images of fishes and birds,

and with the gifts went the message that Jaakob, the great wanderer, desired to confer at the gates with the elders of the town concerning his stay and the rights of all. They were relieved and delighted in Shekem. The hour for the meeting was set and when it came there issued from the eastern gate, Hamor, the gout-stricken, with his servants and followers and with Sichem, his son, a fidgety youth; impelled by curiosity there came forth likewise Weser-ke-bastet wreathed in flowers and accompanied by several cats, and on the other side appeared full of dignity Jaakob ben Yitzchak, accompanied by Eliezer, eldest of his serving-men and surrounded by his maturer sons, whom he had commanded to observe a perfect courtesy in this hour. Thus the two parties met in front of and under the gate, for this gate was a solid building with porticoed projections outward and inward, and on the inner or town side of which was the market-place and the place of justice, so that a multitude of the people had gathered there behind their great men in order to watch the council and the business in hand, which was approached with all the elaborateness of fine and seemly manners and finally arrived at with the greatest hesitation, so that the meeting lasted six hours and the merchants on the market-place within were able to drive many good bargains with the people. After preliminary bowings the two parties, facing each other, sat down on field-stools, woven mats or shawls. Refreshments were offered : spiced wine and curds with honey. For a long time naught was mentioned save the health of the chiefs and of their families; next one spoke of wayfaring conditions on both sides of the water-shed, next of matters even remoter. The object of the meeting, however, was broached unwillingly and with a shrugging of shoulders and was abandoned again sundry times in such a manner as though both parties were about to propose that one had perhaps better not mention it at all, precisely because it was the burning subject and central thought which,

for the sake and in the service of cultural seemliness, had necessarily to be swathed in a contemptuous atmosphere. For is it not plainly just this luxury of seeming detachment from the objective, of establishing ranks of interest according to beautiful forms of living, together with the high-hearted, generous consumption of time for their sake, that constitutes human dignity and the triumph of *mores* over the rudeness of nature?

The impression which the townsmen received of the personality of Jaakob was most favourable. If not at first glance, yet after a brief exchange of words they knew what manner of man they had before them. This was a lord and divine prince, noble through gifts of the mind which lent distinction to his slightest acts. What radiated its power here was the self-same nobility, which the eyes of the people had long recognized as the mark of the descendants or re-incarnations of Abram which, irrespective of birth, based on mind and form, assured to this type of manhood the function of spiritual leadership. The moving gentleness and depth of Jaakob's eyes, his finished courtesy, the choiceness of his gestures, the vibration of his voice, his cultivated and well-adorned manner of speech, apt at thesis and antithesis, correspondences of thought and mythical allusions—these things so took captive Hamor, above all, that it was not long ere he arose to kiss the *Sheich*, an action which drew applause from the people within the gate. The desire of the stranger which one perfectly understood and which had to do with legal settlement here, did indeed cause the city-chief some difficulty, for a notice lodged with a far but highest authority that he, Hamor, was turning over the land to the Chabiri, might bring miseries upon his old age. But silent glances which he exchanged with the head of the Egyptian garrison, himself equally attracted by Jaakob's personality, reassured him on this point and so he opened the actual negotiations with the handsome proposal which, as all knew, was to be passed

over with a formal bow, that the *Sheich* was to accept land and privileges as a free gift, and then at once came out with a fat, round price : one hundred silver shekels he demanded for arable land of the extent of twelve acres and a half and, wholly prepared for tenacious chaffering, added the rhetorical question : how little such a sum means between two such bargainers ! But Jaakob did not chaffer. His soul was stirred and uplifted by the sense of imitation, recurrence, re-creation of the past. Was he not Abram coming from the east, buying of Ephron the field to serve as a double burying-ground ? Had Abram chaffered with Hebron's chief and with the children of Het ? The centuries were swept away. What had been—was ! The rich Abram and Jaakob, the rich men from the east—they agreed with dignity and without delay ; Chaldaean slaves dragged forward the movable scales and the weighing-stones ; Eliezer, the chief serf approached with an earthenware jar filled with circular bars of silver ; forward hastened the scribes of Hamor, crouched on their haunches and proceeded to set up the covenant concerning peace and trade according to law and justice. Well and accurately weighed was the payment for field and pasture, valid and sacred the covenant, cursed any who should dare attack it ! Sichemites were now the people of Jaakob, burghers and here by right. They might pass in and out of the gates of the city at their pleasure ; they might wander at will through the land and trade with the people. Their daughters were to be given in marriage to the sons of Shekem and the daughters of Shekem unto their sons. All this was to be as of right ; whoever opposed it was to be considered as stripped of all honour. The trees on the boughten fields were equally Jaakob's — a foe of the law any one who doubted it. Weser-ke-bastet, acting as witness, pressed the scarab of his ring into the soft clay, Hamor his stone, Jaakob the cylindrical seal that hung from his neck. The covenant was made. Kisses and flattering

speeches were exchanged. Thus came to pass the settlement of Jaakob at Shekem in the land of Canaan.

"Knowest thou thereof?" "Of a truth I know!" But Israel's herdsmen did in fact not know concerning this matter when later about their watchfires they made it the subject of elegant conversations. With a good conscience they changed the order of certain events and passed in silence over others for the sake of a handsome story. They failed to report how wry were the mouths of the sons of Jaakob, especially of Simeon and Levi, after the covenant of peace had been signed, and pretended that the covenant had not been drawn up until the affair concerning Dina and Sichem, the town-chief's son, had already begun—begun, in addition, after a different fashion from their report of it. They handed down the story as though a certain condition required of Sichem in regard to Isaac's grand-daughter had been a point in the pact of fraternity — whereas this condition was a matter entirely apart and was required at a much later period than their supposed knowledge admitted. We shall make the matter clear. The covenant was the first step. Lacking it Jaakob and his people could have effected no settlement and the later consequences could not have come to pass. The tents of the children of Israel had been pitched for nearly four years at the entrance of the valley ere the tumults arose; they planted wheat in the field and set barley into the mould and pressed the oil of their olive-trees and pastured their herds and traded throughout the land; they digged them a well on their settlement, fourteen ells deep and of great breadth, the well of Jaakob... A well of such depth and breadth? What need had the children of Israel of digging a well at all, seeing that their friends, the townspeople, had one without their gates and that the valley was full of springs? 'Twas very well. They needed it not at once nor digged it immediately after their settlment, but somewhat later when it had been proven that, to be independent in respect

of water and to have on their own ground a supply that would not give out even during the greatest drouth was a vital necessity for them, the Ibrim. The pact of fraternity had been set up and any who misinterpreted it was threatened with disembowelment. But though the folk had applauded, it was the chiefs who had made the covenant and in the eyes of the Shekemites the people of Jaakob remained strangers and immigrants — not very comfortable or harmless ones at that, but men of a proud and instructive air, of a spiritual superiority to all the world in their own conceit and in addition so apt at advantageous bargaining in cattle and wool that the self-esteem of other men suffered in contacts with them. The fraternisation, in brief, was not thorough-going, but subject to certain limitations, such as this, that it was not long before one refused to the Hebrews free use of the accessible waters — unspecified, moreover, in the written covenant — in order to bar their expansion — and hence was digged the great well, symbol of the fact that, even before the bloody conflicts, matters stood between the tribe of Yisrael and the people of Shekem, as they are wont to stand between long encamped Chabiri tribes and the old, rightful dwellers in the land and not at all as they should have stood according to the spirit of that council under the city-gate.

Jaakob knew this circumstance and knew it not. That is to say, he would not envisage it, but kept his gentle soul turned to what concerned his family or the things of the soul. For in those days Rachel was still alive, she, the sweet-eyed, hard-won, snatched away and dangerously brought to the land of the fathers; she, the one, the one and only beloved, rapture to his eye, feast to his heart, delight to his senses. Joseph, fruit of her womb, veritable son of his, was growing fast and charmingly developing from child to lad — a lad so handsome, agile of wit, ingratiating and enchanting that the soul of Jaakob overflowed at mere sight of him and that the elder sons

began already to exchange glances over the old man's weak fondness for the pert brat. Moreover Jaakob was often absent upon his travels. He reestablished relations with the kin of his faith in town and country, visited the hill and valley places sacred to Abram's God and discussed in many a discourse the nature of the One-Most-High. It is certain, above all, that he made a pilgrimage toward the south to embrace his father, after a separation of almost the span of a human life, to show himself to his sire in his wealth and receive confirmation of the paternal blessing that had evidently born such rich fruit. For Yitzchak was still alive, of an unbelievably great age and long stone-blind, the while Rebecca had descended into the realms of death years ago. But this was the reason, too, why Isaac had long transferred the stead of his burnt-offering from the tree "Javeh-el-Olam" near Beersheba to the oracular terebinth hard by Hebron — to the immediate neighbourhood, namely, of the cave of Machpelah in which he had laid to rest his kinswoman and sister-spouse and where after a little he, too, Yitzchak, the sacrifice returned by God, after a long and memorable life, was to be finally bedded and mourned by Jaakob and Esau, his sons; then when Jaakob, a broken man returned after Rachel's death from Bet-el with her tiny murderer, the new-born babe Ben-Oni, that is to say Ben-yamin...

Four times had wheat and barley turned from green to golden in the fields of Shekem; four times had bloomed and withered the anemones of the valley, eight sheep-shearings had there been among the men of Jaakob — for the fleece of his pied yeanlings seemed to grow in the twinkling of an eye, so that twice a year rich wool was gotten of them : in the month of Sivan as well as in autumnal Tishri — when it came to pass that the men of Shekem went about their wine harvest and celebrated their vintners' feast in the town and on the terraced slopes of Garizim by the full moon of the autumnal equinox

what time the year is renewed. Naught was there but rejoicing and processions and gratitude for the harvest in town and vale, for they had plucked the grapes amid singing and naked had trodden them in the stone wine-presses, so that their legs were purple to the thighs and the sweet blood of the wine ran through the stone groove into the vat at which they kneeled and poured it with laughter into jugs and skins for fermentation. And now that the wine was ripening they made them a seven-days feast and sacrificed a tithe of the firstlings of cattle and sheep, of grain, new wine and oil, ate and drank and brought into the house of Adonai, the great Baal, lesser gods to pay him court and took up the image of him in his ship upon their shoulders and to the sound of drums and cymbals carried him in procession over the land, in order that he might anew make fertile hill and field. But on the third day of the feast they announced that there was to be music and a dance in front of the city under the citadel and that any might come who would, not excepting women and children. Forth issued Hamor, the old, carried in a chair and the fidgety Sichem, like-wise carried, with women and eunuchs, with courtiers and traders and lesser people, and from his tented camp Jaakob with women, sons and serfs, and they all met and reposed them on the spot where the music resounded and the dances were to be danced — under the olive-trees in the broad part of the valley where the Mount of Blessing curved inward, rocky above and lovely at the base, and where in the gorge of the Accursed Hill the goats climbed after dry herbs. The afternoon was blue and warm, the diminishing light made fairer men and things and gilded the forms of the dancing girls who, with broidered ribands about their thighs and in their hair, with dust of metal on the lashes of their khol-elongated eyes, danced with undulating bellies in front of the musicians and turned their heads from the rattle of the drums. The musicians, crouching on their haunches, twanged lyre and lute and

made the flutes shrill sharply. Others behind the players beat time by the clapping of hands and still others sang, shaking their throats with their hands to produce a tense and vibrating sound. Men, too, joined the dance. Naked and bearded with beasts' tails as girdles they leaped like he-goats, chasing the girls who escaped with sinuous movements. There was playing at ball and the girls were skilful at keeping several balls simultaneously in air, while they crossed their arms or while one sat on the hip of another. Townspeople and tentdwellers were all well-pleased, and though Jaakob did not love the tumult and the merriment which deafened him and broke in upon his consciousness of the divine order, yet for the sake of the people he assumed a comfortable expression and, as a matter of courtesy, now and then beat time with his hands.

And now it was that Sichem, the chief's son, saw Dina, the Ibrim's daughter, aged thirteen, and came to desire her so that he knew he would never be able to conquer that desire. She sat on the mat with Lea, her mother, close by the musicians and opposite the seat of Sichem who regarded her with confused eyes. She was not beautiful — none of Lea's children were — but at this time her youth sent forth a sweet and tenacious enchantment like the thick threads of date honey, and Sichem regarding her found himself in the position of a fly caught in a viscous syrup: he pulled his fast-stuck legs to see if he could have escaped had he desired to, but did not earnestly desire it and was next overcome by deadly terror, because he observed that he could not have escaped even with the best will in the world, and hence wriggled and wriggled on his field-stool and changed colour an hundred times. She had a quaint, dark little face with a black fringe of hair on her forehead below the veil that bound her head, and long darkly sweet eyes of a sticky black that often turned aside under the gaze of the lost stripling, and a broad nose with a gold-ring hanging from its pierced inner wall, and a wide, scarlet, full, slightly pain-touched

mouth and almost no chin at all. Her ungirdled robe of blue and red wool covered but one of her shoulders, and the other, the naked one, was lovely and dainty as love itself — and it helped matters not at all when she raised the arm of this shoulder to touch the back of her head, so that Sichem saw the damp black curl in her tiny armpit and under shift and robe the shape of her delicate firm breasts. Very dangerous too were her dark little feet with their copper anklets and with rings of soft gold on all toes but the great. But almost more parlous were the small golden brown hands with their stained nails, playing in her lap, covered with rings too, child-like and wise hands : and when Sichem considered how it must be to be caressed by these hands on a common couch, his senses half-swooned and his breath failed.

He thought of this possibility of a common couch at once and then of nothing else. Custom did not allow him to speak to Dina or to woo her otherwise than by glances. But immediately and even on the way back to the citadel he wailed to his father that he could not live nor keep his body from withering without the Chabiri wench, and that Hamor, the old, must instantly set out and buy him the girl as wife, else his marrow would dry up within him. What else could poor, gouty Hamor do, but have two men carry him into the skin-covered house of Jaakob and bow down deep and call Jaakob his brother, and after many a digression speak of the strong heart's yearning of his son and offer rich gifts if Dina's father would but consent to the union. Jaakob was astonished and dismayed. The offer awakened contending emotions within him and embarrassed him greatly. From a worldly point of view it was honorable; it sought to establish kinship between his house and a princely house of the land and could be useful to him and his tribe. Nor was he unmoved by memories of his own suing for Rachel with Laban, that demon, long ago and of the delay and hard service and perfidy that had been his portion.

Now himself was in Laban's position; it was his daughter whom a youth desired; he would not play the part as wickedly as his father-in-law had done. On the other hand, his doubt of the higher appropriateness of this union was very vivid. He had paid little attention hitherto to the quaint little Dina, absorbed as he was by his love for the delightful Joseph, nor had Heaven ever sent him a monition concerning the girl. Nevertheless she was his only daughter; the desire of the chief's son enhanced her worth in his eyes; it were thriftless before God, he considered, to waste her until now unregarded value. Therefore he remembered how Abram with Eliezer's hand under his hip had vowed that he would procure Yitzchak, his true son, no wife of the daughters of the Canaanites among whom he dwelt, but to fetch him one from their kinsmen in their homeland in the east. And had not Yitzchak passed on the command to him, the rightful son, and spoken: "Seek not a wife among the daughters of Canaan." Dina was but a girl and but Lea's child and whom she married was not as important as in the case of the bearers of the ancestral blessing. Yet it was essential that one be not shamed in the sight of God.

Jaakob summoned his sons even to Sebulon, ten in number, and they all sat down before Hamor and raised their hands and rocked their heads to and fro. The authoritative elder sons were scarcely the men to give an immediate consent, as though they had dreamed of nothing better. Instinctively they agreed that the matter must be given leisurely reflection. Dina? Their sister? Lea's daughter, exquisite, priceless, in the first bloom of her maidenhood? And Sicheu, Hamor's son, desired her? It was clear that this was worthy of the maturest consideration. They asked for time; they did so out of a general prudence in bargaining; Simeon and Levi entertained, moreover, certain secret thoughts and half-defined hopes. For they had in no wise renounced their old plans and what had not been brought about by

the natives' refusal of water might now, they reasoned, proceed from Sichem's wishes and his suit.

Three days for reflection were demanded. Hamor, slightly affronted, was carried home. At the three days' end Sichem came riding into the camp on a white ass, to plead his own suit, as his father, who took no pleasure in the thing, had bidden him and as was conformable to his own impatience. He sought not to bargain nor to conceal what was in his heart. The flame for the girl Dina was consuming him. "Ask what ye would!" he said. "Be insolent in demanding gifts and price! I am Sichem, the chief's son, master of wealth in my father's house. By the Baal, I will give what you ask!" Thereupon they mentioned to him their condition, the preliminary condition, agreed upon by them all, which must be fulfilled before further discussion could lead to anything.

Here again the exact time order of events is to be emphasized which was not the order mentioned by later shepherds in their free and poetical treatment of history. According to them Sichem had at once committed the unforgivable ill and called forth subtle reprisal. In fact he did not determine to create a *fait accompli* until the men of Jaakob had placed themselves in the wrong in his eyes and he felt himself indefinitely put off, if not actually deceived. What they said to him now was this: to begin with he must cause himself to be circumcised. That was indispensable. Considering their character and convictions, it would be a thing of horror and shame in their eyes to give their daughter and sister to an uncircumcised man. It was his sons who had impressed this necessary stipulation on Jaakob, who was well content to delay decision and agreed with them in principle, though their piety astonished him.

Sichem laughed right out. Then he covered his mouth with his hands and asked pardon. "Is that all?" he cried. Did they ask nothing else. An eye or a right hand he would have been willing to give for the posses-

sion of Dina — how much the more gladly so indifferent a part as his fore-skin! By Sutech, there was no great difficulty in that. His friend Beset was circumcised, too, and it had never offended him. Not a single one of Sicheim's little sisters in the house of love and delight would take the slightest umbrage at such a loss. One might almost consider the matter settled. There was a cunning priest in the highest's temple! So soon as his flesh was healed he would return. And he ran out beckoning his slaves to bring his white ass.

When he made his appearance again seven days later at the earliest possible hour, scarce healed, still hindered by the wound, but radiantly confident, he found the chief of the family to have ridden off on a journey. Jaakob avoided the meeting, leaving the matter to his sons. Despite all he found himself in Laban, the demon's part, and preferred to play that part unseen. For what did his sons answer Sicheim's confident announcement that the condition had been fulfilled, though it had not in fact been the trifle he had imagined, but troublesome enough, yet now it was well over and that he expected the sweetest of rewards? The condition fulfilled — aye, they answered. Possibly. They were willing to believe it. But hardly fulfilled in the right spirit, rather without higher significance and understanding thereof and hence superficial and meaningless enough. The condition accomplished? Perhaps. But solely for the sake of union with Dina, a woman, hardly in the sense of a covenant and union with Jah. Accomplished moreover in all likelihood not with a knife of stone, as was indispensable, but with one of metal, a circumstance which alone rendered the deed equivocal if not void. Furthermore Sicheim, the chief's son, had already a chief sister-spouse, a first and rightful wife, Rehuma, the Hevithish woman, and Dina, the daughter of Jaakob, could be naught but another concubine, a matter not to be thought of.

Sicheim stamped and waved his arms. How did they

know, he cried, in what spirit and with what understanding he had submitted to this wretched thing, and what right had they now to come out with this business of a stone-knife which it had been their duty to mention at the start. Concubine? Why, the King of Mitanni had given his daughter called Gulichipa in marriage to Pharaoh and sent her off with a train of great splendor, not to be Queen of the Lands, for Teje, the divinity, was that, but as a lesser wife and if King Shutarna was not above this —.

Aye, said the brothers. Those were Shutarna and Gulichipa. Here it was a question, however, of Dina, daughter of Jaakob, Prince of God, seed of Abram and that she could in nowise be a concubine of Sichem in the citadel, this was a fact which, upon second thoughts, his own good sense would teach him.

Sichem desired to know whether that were their last word?

They shrugged their shoulders and stretched out their hands. Could they comfort him with gifts, with two or three sheep?

At that his patience snapped. He had suffered annoyance and pain for his desire's sake. That priest of the temple had not proven his vaunted cunning and had not been able to keep the son of Hamor from suffering inflammation, fever and severe pain. And this was to be his reward? He uttered a curse of which the magic effect was to be the reduction of the sons of Jaakob to the tenuousness of air and light and which these sought to reflect from themselves by swift and precise magic gestures. Then he rushed off. Four days later Dina had disappeared.

"Knowest thou thereof?" Let us still note the chronology! Sichem was but a dangly youth, too greedy and undisciplined to deny himself any desire of his senses. But that is no reason for constantly accepting the exact words of certain purposeful shepherds' tales that did him but rude justice. If this whole story left so deep

a trace on Jaakob's care-worn countenance, it was because, despite his being perhaps the first to tell it in its re-arranged and fairer form and even to believe it in that form during the telling, he yet knew deep within him who first had thought of rapine and force, how from the beginning the issue had been planned and that Hamor's son had not simply stolen Dina, but had first presented himself as an honest suitor and had not used violence as a basis for further negotiation until he had found himself cheated and deceived. At all events, Dina was gone. She had been kidnapped. In broad daylight, in the very presence of the tribe, men from the citadel had crept up to her playing there with lambs, had tied her mouth with a shawl, thrown her on a camel and gained so quick a start toward the city that the men of Israel had had no time to saddle their mounts for a pursuit. She was gone and shut up in Sichem's house of love and delight where, by the way, she was surrounded by undreamed of urban comforts and where Sichem had swiftly consummated his burning desire without any resistance or objection on her part. She was a mere doll, in fact, supine and without judgment or will of her own. Whatever happened to her, so it was definite and energetic, she accepted as necessary and natural. Furthermore Sichem did her no ill, rather the contrary, nor were his other little sisters, including Rehuma, the first and rightful one, other than kind to her.

Ah, but the brothers! Simeon and Levi, above all! Their rage was boundless and they harassed their confused and depressed father beyond measure. Dishonoured, violated, brought to naught — their sister, their black dove, the purest, the only one, the seed of Abram! They broke their breast-buckles, rent their garments, put on sack-cloth, tore hair and beard and howled and inflicted knife-wounds on body and face that made their aspect horrible to behold. They threw themselves on their bellies, beat the earth with their fists and vowed neither

to eat nor to void their entrails until Dina had been snatched from the lust of the Sodomites and the place of her violation had been made level with the desert. Revenge, revenge and attack, slaughter and blood and torture were all their words. Jaakob, deeply shaken and embarrassed, troubled by his Laban-like position, aware that his sons had gained the aim of their original plans, had difficulty in checking them even for a little without incurring the reproach of lacking both the sentiment of a father and a man of honour. To a certain extent he participated in the expression of their rage and woe, donned a soiled garment and slightly dishevelled hair and beard. But he asked them to consider how little it would profit them to recapture Dina by force, an action that would not settle, but only render acute the question what was to be done with the ruined and violated girl. Having actually fallen into Sichem's hands, her return was hardly, when one reflected, to be desired; it would be wiser to restrain one's sorrow and to wait a little — a course of action, the wisdom of which had been confirmed to him by the signs found in the liver of a sheep slaughtered for this prophetic purpose. Considering the status of affairs between town and camp on the basis of the covenant, he doubted not that after a little Sichem would be heard from, making new proposals and thus offering the possibility of bringing this ugly matter, if not to a fair, yet to a more tolerable issue.

And behold, his sons, to Jaakob's own astonishment, suddenly gave in and agreed to await the next move of the citadel. Their silence now troubled him almost more than their loud rage had done. What was behind it? He observed them anxiously, but was not taken into their confidence and heard their new decision scarcely earlier than the messengers of Sichem who, quite as he had expected, appeared at the end of several days bearing a letter which, written in Chaldaean on sundry earthenware tablets, was courteous in form and extremely conciliatory and obliging in spirit. For it read thus :

“ To Jaakob, son of Yitzchak, Prince of God, father and lord whom I love and of whom the love is precious to me. He who speaks is Sichem, Hamor’s son, thy son-in-law, who loves thee, he — heir of the citadel in whom the folk rejoices. I am well. Mayest thou be in health and with thee in its bloom thy wives, thy sons, thy servants, thy cattle, sheep and goats and all that is thine. Behold, once on a time Hamor my father set up and sealed with thee, my other father, a pact of friendship and hence a friendship of the heart has united me to thee during four revolving years in which this was my constant thought : May the gods decree thus and not otherwise, namely, that our friendship as it subsists be, at the behest of my god Baal-berit and of thy god El-elyon who are almost one and the same god and differ only in trifling matters, preserved unto all eternity and across endless years of jubilee in respect of its warmth and truth!

“ Yet when my eyes beheld thy daughter, child of Lea, daughter of Laban the Chaldaean, then it was that I desired our friendship to be not only undiminished in duration but to increase a million times in intensity. For thy daughter is like a young palm-tree beside the waters and like a pomegranate blossom in the garden and my heart trembled after the ecstasy of her and I knew that without her the breath of my life was of no avail. And it came to pass, as thou knowest, that Hamor, prince of the city, in whom the people rejoices, came forth to speak with thee, his brother, and to take council with my brethren, thy sons, and went away fed with hopes. And then I came myself to sue for Dina, thy child and to beg of ye breath for my nostrils and ye said : Dear one, thou must be circumcised in thy flesh ere Dina can be thine for aught else would be to us an abomination before God. And behold, I distressed not the heart of my father and my brothers but did even according to their behest. For I rejoiced beyond measure and bade Jarach, the temple

scrivener, to do as ye said and suffered sorely under his hands and suffered later with weeping, all for the sake of Dina. Yet when I returned, all this was to avail me not. But now, the condition being fulfilled, Dina thy child came to me that I might show my love for her on a marriage bed to my highest delight and to her no small pleasure, according to the words of her mouth. But that, on this account, there may arise no dissension between thy God and mine, I beseech my father instantly to fix price and marriage conditions for Dina who is sweet to my heart, in order that a great feast be prepared in the citadel of Shekem — a marriage feast to be celebrated by us all with laughter and singing. For Hamor my father will cause to be stamped three hundred scarab-stones with my name and the name of Dina, my spouse, both in memory of that day and in token of eternal friendship betwixt Shekem and Israel. Given in the citadel on the twenty-fifth day of the harvest moon. Peace and health to him who receives this! ”

Thus ran the letter. Jaakob and his sons studied it out of sight of the messengers and when Jaakob lifted his eyes to his sons they told him what they had previously determined to do in these circumstances, and he was amazed but could not well, as a matter of principle, oppose them; for it was clear to him that their new condition would not only be a notable spiritual victory, but at the same time would include expiation of and satisfaction for the ill that had been done. Hence, when the messengers were summoned, he permitted Dina's outraged brothers to speak for him and it was Dan who conveyed knowledge of the new decision to the messengers. They themselves, said he, had been blessed with riches by God and cared little for the sum of the treasure to be paid for Dina, their sister, whom Sichem had truly compared to a palm-tree and to the fragrant blossom of the pomegranate. Hamor and Sichem might pay whatever they deemed to comport with their dignity. But Dina had not “ come ”

to Sichem, as he had been pleased to put it, but had been kidnapped and this had created a new situation which could not simply be taken for granted. In order to have it accepted, it would first be necessary that, according to the praiseworthy personal example of Sichem, all males within Shekem — old men, men and boys — must undergo circumcision with stone knives within three days, counting from this. When this had been done one might really proceed to the wedding and prepare a great feast to be celebrated in Shekem with laughter and jubilation.

The condition, though outrageous, seemed one not difficult to comply with and the messengers expressed the conviction that Hamor, their lord, would not hesitate to give the necessary orders. No sooner were the messengers gone, however, than dreadful premonitions rose in the soul of Jaakob concerning the meaning and purpose of this hypocritical imposition, so that his very entrails quaked and he was minded to recall the messengers. For he believed neither that his sons had quenched their old and initial desires nor that they had renounced their vengeance for the kidnapping and violation of Dina. When he compared moreover their recent sudden compliance with the condition they had determined upon, when he remembered further how their faces with the slashes of mourning had looked when their spokesman mentioned the wedding and festivities at Shekem that might follow the accomplishment of their demand — he was amazed at his own slowness of understanding, at his failure to guess the blackness of their privy thoughts even while they spoke.

What had robbed him of insight had been his joy in the recurrence of ancestral action. He had thought of Abram and how he, the sire, at the command of the Lord and in covenant with Him had caused all of his house, Ishmael and the serfs, homeborn or bought of strangers, to be circumcised on a certain day. And Jaakob was sure that

his sons, making their condition, had thought of that story, too — aye, they had done that; thence had come their plan, but to how different an issue did they intend to bring it! He meditated on the story of how the Lord had come to look after Abram on the third day of his pain. God had stood before the tent, unseen of Eliezer. But Abram saw Him and bade Him enter. But when the Lord saw him bind his wound He said: "It is not fitting that I stay here." So tenderly had God dealt with Abram's holy shame and pain. What tenderness did those sons of his intend to show the fevered townsmen on the third day of their pain? And Jaakob shuddered at the thought of such imitation of the things of old and horror seized him at the sight of his sons' faces when the message came from the citadel that their condition had been accepted straightway and that precisely on the third day from the day before this the universal sacrifice of the flesh would be accomplished. More than once he was minded to raise his hands to them to desist; but he feared the violence of their outraged fraternal pride, their wellgrounded right to be revenged and recognized that their intention which he could once have quelled with all the solemn force of his authority was strongly supported by the circumstances that had arisen. One may, moreover, raise the delicate question whether in his secretest heart Jaakob was not grateful to his sons for their silence and their exclusion of him from their plans, so that, unless he would, he needed neither to know nor even to suspect, but could let that come to pass which must. Had not God, the King, cried into the harps at Bet-el that he, Jaakob, was to be lord of gates, the gates of his foes, and had that meant that, despite his own love of peace, deeds of war and splendor of booty were nevertheless part of the starry record of his life? He scarcely slept, tense with horror, with anxiety and, in his secretest soul, with pride over the virile wiles of his offspring. Nor did he sleep on that night of terror, the third of the appointed

interval, but lay in his tent wrapped in his cloak and heard with fearful ear the muffled stirring of armed men setting forth...

We are at the end of our true and exact delineation of this interlude at Shekem, the later subject of song and extenuating legend — extenuating, at least, in respect of the order of events, though not in respect of the final outrage which admitted of no extenuation and of which the bloody incidents were indeed matters of pride and glory to camp-fire tales. The men of Jaakob, far inferior in numbers to the townspeople, being but fifty in all, met little resistance from the Shekemites, thanks to their impious wiles. Easy was the reduction of the walls which, almost bare of guards, they silently scaled with ropes and ladders, nor difficult that dance of death which, spurning all prudence now in sudden onslaught, they performed within the town among the surprised and stricken people.

Every male creature in Shekem, old and young, was feverish and in pain and busy bandaging its wound — even to the majority of the Egyptian garrison. The Ibrim, on the contrary, were hale in body and welded into a heat of moral oneness by the slogan of “Dina !” which they kept uttering during their bloody work; they raged like lions, seemed ubiquitous and aroused from the beginning in the minds of the townspeople the vision of an ineluctable and sudden visitation, so that little resistance was offered. Simeon and Levi, instigators and leaders, above all, aroused by their roaring, a calculated bull-like thunder splitting the innermost nerves, a superstitious terror and awe which inspired sundry of their victims to wild flight but none to combat as an escape from destruction. The people cried : “Woe! These are not human! Sutech is in our midst! The illustrious Baal lendeth them strength!” In naked flight many were felled with clubs. With fire and sword, quite literally, the Hebrews worked and city, citadel and temple

smoked, the while alleys and houses ran with blood. Only the strongest youths were made captive; all others were slain and if the cruelty often went beyond simple slaying, it is to be remembered in extenuation of the slayers that they, no less than their unhappy victims, were the prey of poetical and mythic convictions; they saw in this combat a fight with the Dragon, a victory of Marduc over Tiâmat, the Worm of Chaos, and this accounts for the many mutilations, the cutting off of "show-members," with which they symbolically justified the slaughter. Thus at the end of this mythic visitation which had lasted barely two hours, Sichem, the chief's son, ruined and riven, stuck head foremost in the latrine pipe of his bath-room, and Weser-ke-bastet's body, lying in its blood amid wilted flowers in some alley, was also very incomplete — a circumstance especially dreadful in view of his ancestral religion. Poor old Hamor, however, had simply died of fright. Dina, the trivial and innocent cause of so much woe, was in the hands of her brethren.

The plundering was protracted. The old dream wish of the brethren was fulfilled: they eased their hearts with rapine, with shining booty, for so considerable was the urban wealth that fell into the hands of the victors that their return home at the end of the third nightwatch, with their leashed captives, with their huge loads of golden sacrificial bowls and pitchers, of sacks full of rings, snoods, girdles, buckles, chains, of delicate vessels and implements of silver, electron, fayence, alabaster, cornelian and ivory, not to mention field-fruits and food-stores, flax, oil, flour and wine, constituted a rich triumph. Jaakob did not leave his tent at their arrival. During long night-hours he had soothed his disquiet by offering up to the unbodied God under the sacred trees near the camp an expiatory offering in the form of a suckling lamb, letting its blood run over the altar-stone, burning its fat in a fire of fragrant drugs and spices. Now that his sons,

blown with heat and triumph, arrived with Dina from their dreadful expedition, he lay hidden upon his face and was long not to be moved to behold either the wretched girl or his blood-thirsty sons. He motioned to them to depart. "Fools and accursed!" With proud lips they stood there. "Should we," asked one, "have let him deal with our sister as with a harlot?" And since Jaakob neither stirred nor uncovered his countenance: "Let my Lord look upon the booty that is without. But there is much more to come, for we left sundry men to gather in the herds of the townspeople in the fields and drive them to the tents of Israel." He sprang up and lifted high his clenched fists so that they started back. "Accursed be your rage," he cried with all his might, "for its violence and your fury for its stubbornness! Wretches, what have ye done to me that I stink before the inhabitants of this land even as a carrion among flies! What if they gather themselves together for revenge upon us? What then? We are but few in number. They will smite and destroy us, me and my house and the blessing of Abram that ye were to carry on to future generations and that which was founded shall be utterly broken. Madmen who go forth to slaughter the wounded and make us heavy with booty for a moment and are too feeble of mind to think of the future, and of the covenant and promise of God!"

Once more they pursed lips. They could but repeat their old question: "Should we have let him deal with our sister as with a harlot?" "Yea!" he cried, beside himself so that they were horrified. "Rather that than risk both life and the promise! Art thou with child?" He swung around to Dina, huddled on the ground... "How can I tell yet," she howled. "The child must not live," he decided and she howled again. Calmer were his commands: "Israel must arise with all that is his and go forth with the goods and herds that ye took for Dina. For there can be no tarrying in this place of

horror. A vision came to me by night and the Lord spake to me in a dream, saying : ' Arise and fare to Bet-el ! ' Away with ye and get all things ready. "

Vision and command had in truth come to him after his nocturnal sacrifice while his sons were plundering the city and he himself had fallen into a light slumber on his couch. The command, moreover, was a satisfactory one and corresponded to his inmost wish, for the refuge city of Luz, with which he was well acquainted, seemed most attractive to him in these circumstances; to fare thither was like fleeing to the feet of God, the King. Fugitives from Shekem, escaped from that bloody fray, were even now on their way to all the cities of the land to relate what had overtaken their town and people; and hence it was at this time that certain letters, written by various chiefs and folk-shepherds of the cities of Canaan and Emor reached the city of Amun and were submitted to the Hor in the palace, his sacred majesty Amenhoteps III, who, as it happened, however, was in a state of nervous depression on account of the abscesses on his teeth from which he suffered frequently, and who, in addition, was so absorbed by the building of a marvelous outer court for the Amon temple in a southern suburb and by the erection of his own monumental tomb in the west, that he could simply not be bothered by the annoying news from the wretched Amu land, to the effect that " the cities of the King were being lost " and that " the land which is Pharaoh's was turned over to the Chabiri, who plunder the King's lands, " for thus ran the letters of the chiefs and head men. Hence those documents which seemed not a little amusing to the court on account of their faulty and rustic Babylonian, were simply placed among the archives without stirring the mind of Pharaoh to any measures against the plunderers. The people of Jaakob had luck in other respects too. The neighbouring cities, struck with superstitious terror by that extraordinarily wild onslaught on Shekem, undertook no move against them,

and Jaakob the father, after he had undertaken a general purification and gathered and buried under the sacred trees with his own hands the numerous idols which during the four years here had crept into his camp — Jaakob could move on unhindered with men and baggage away from this stead of horror over which circled the vultures and lead his swaying and enriched caravans by well-built roads on toward Bet-el.

Dina and her mother Lea were carried by the same powerful and well-trained camel. On either side of his hump one of them hung in her welladorned basket under the woolen curtain upheld by a frame of reeds. Dina let down her curtain wholly, so that she sat in darkness. The child to which she gave birth when her heavy hour came upon her was exposed to die, according to the men's decision. She herself withered and shrivelled long before her time. At fifteen, her wretched little face resembled that of an old woman.



Roy Sheldon
Paris 1929

Drawing, by Roy Sheldon

HEINRICH MANN

FELICITAS

(Translated from the German by Thelma Spear Lewisohn)

The valleys below were either German or Italian. The Italian and the German valleys crossed each other and at their crossing loomed the biggest glacier. And it was the glacier which even more than the difference in language prevented communication. Two alien worlds faced each other across this frontier, both unchanged since the beginning of time.

A soldier crossed from one side to the other. In the valley beyond, the huts too were built of unhewn stones ill put together and mortised with earth. Above the low doors he saw faces of a Romanic cast, instead of the old German ones of his own people. The soldier felt that a girl kept looking after him when he had passed. He turned back.

The girl had great staring black eyes. She made no reply to the word of the soldier nor to his laughter. But she gave herself to him.

When this had happened she could no longer remain at home. She followed him over the glacier and as far as his village. He begged his parents to take her in, until his service was at an end. He promised the girl that the moment he was free, there would be a wedding. Then he went — and never came back.

About the end of his term of service his parents died. His once loved one stayed on in his hut with her child. This was the soldier's child, with his wheat-

blond hair coupled with its mother's eyes. It was born in the month of March, when the snow was loosened and rolled down the mountain, when the brook rose and overflowed as far as the houses below. Then was the time when cattle were driven up in the mountains from where one could see the huts nestling around the edge. But the mother could not escape with the cattle from the encroaching waters, because she was in the act of childbirth. Both the woman and her child were favored : the flood stopped just in front of their door. The child was named after the saint on whose day they had been saved : *Felicitas*.

How mother and child managed to exist in their shelter no one knew. The parents must have left money in a stocking which they had saved secretly and which the creditors had not found. Could this money still be holding out ? Finally it became known that the Romanic woman received men. Meanwhile she sent the child out to work.

The growing child wandered up and down the terraced alley according to the time of year barefoot or in clacking slippers. She carried water from hut to hut; the broad copper jug was balanced on her little head, as though it kept its swaying balance on the tip of a slender reed.

She was usually permitted to stay in one of these huts, to wash, tend the cattle, share in the chestnut cake, to which the chimney-smoke gave a bitter tang, and sleep in the straw. Those who were compassionate let her stay all night, seeing what sort her mother was. But *Felicitas* stayed because she was tired. She was vigorous, but by night time so worn out by toil as she was never to be thereafter. Not until her old age was she again aware of that quality of weariness.

If ever she went home the house was empty and it was long before fear let her sleep. The mother looked for work farther down the valley, where the early chestnuts thrived and the solidly built houses of the richer farmers

stood. In her village the church alone had solid masonry.

One morning the mother was brought back by an old gendarme who said nothing, so that none knew what had happened. Obdurately silent the woman entered her hut; outside the gathered neighbours became abusive. She couldn't shut her door since she would have found herself in pitch darkness. Now and again she flung back a word of abuse but not in the neighbours' language, though she had long learned it. It was her own old foreign dialect.

Felicitas came down the terraced streets, straight and well-balanced as always. She saw the crowd, she heard the strangely altered voice of her mother, and at once she let drop her pitcher which rolled away. Arms outstretched, without a murmur, she was prepared to see all things fall down about her and roll away like her jug, and feared that all was over with her and her mother, that they would be driven forth into the snowy waste. At this precise moment an angel appeared.

He held his pale head high. His lips were red; an austere serenity kept them closed. While his deep eyes remained unmoved and wholly serious, the brows seemed to smile, and the air about them to gleam. He was wrapped in a handsome black robe, which he held up to prevent its being soiled against the steps. He made his way to the hut of the outcasts and the people made way for him. He paused at the threshold and called the woman by her name. With bent forehead she approached. He placed his hand on her head, she kneeled; and he showed her to the people in token of the fact that she was forgiven.

All the children kissed the hem of his garment and Felicitas did the same. Then they followed him to church. While he was reading mass, Felicitas felt : So he is indeed an angel. To me alone it has been revealed. — She was astonished, she was lost in wonder. She thought her very heart must stop beating.

During this summer she herded the goats. She stood alone on the sun-drenched crags. The animals stretched out their thin and sinewy necks to her from the crag, nibbled at the leaves with their soft snouts and chewed them. There was a sound in the grass as of a spring. But Felicitas awaited the young priest who was on his way to visit the sick.

When she heard him coming, she stooped down suddenly in the under-brush. She had never imagined that it would happen in quite this way. He was already half gone by when she appeared out of the bushes. He stepped back frightened, as though at a snake. She laughed a deep laugh and kissed his hand. He longed to stroke back her hair, but hesitated. Her copper-coloured hair lay in long strands about her face. Between the dark red strands the eyes were as clear and passionate as those of the goats. He gave her a small glazed bright colored picture of the Saviour, and her eyes darkened and grew softer. Her silent tears flowed as he left. He did not see them.

Felicitas missed neither mass nor sermon. When he spoke the pulpit of the church became a storm-center. He had no pity for the avaricious, and still less for the impure. Nevertheless he had received the mother of Felicitas back into the fold. As Felicitas understood it : he was patient with poor sinners, but with himself lofty and austere. She knelt before him, and her soul soared in the intensity of her faith.

He saved everybody. The idiot who spoke with the voice of a woman was a lost soul; he had never entered the church and never known salvation. The young priest ordered him to wear woman's clothes. And Felicitas saw that he was saved.

The church jugged out upon a projection of the mountain. But if you left the building by the back door, you arrived at a passage which led straight on through the rocks until the corner was reached. There one could

open the door of the priest's house; it commanded a steep and varied view. Felicitas dared to enter this passage in the rocks for the first time when she had attained the age of fifteen. At first she wasn't even sure that the passage would ever come to an end. Didn't the young priest live in a world of magic? The passage was dark, although a feeble light gleamed on the wall. Just there a figure seemed to be waiting — but when you approached, it turned out to be a formation of the rocks. This passage through the dark held for her a wild suspense, but she gritted her teeth and did not cry out.

In the blackest spot just above her head glittered two green eyes. Felicitas was rigid with terror at first; for hours she stayed in one spot to see whether these eyes would look away or would close. Gradually she realized that it was Gog, the tomcat belonging to the young priest. She passed by, but only thanks to the magic formula that she whispered: "Get away, Gog! Obey me, Gog!" she murmured. After many vain attempts she reached the door of the young priest, stood there, afraid as much of the door as of her way back.

One day she flung wide open the door of the young priest's room. She really had not intended it. Now she blinked in the sudden light, felt her heart thump and suffered the most delicious fascination. For surely he was standing before her in most unearthly splendor. Only her eyes couldn't stand it; she was blinded. He asked her hesitatingly what she wanted. She replied she wanted to confess; she couldn't wait until he heard her confession at the church. Immediately she invented a theft — committed, she said in the house of the widower whose children she watched over — it was flour, a pound of flour.

"You are lying," the young priest announced. At first her jaw dropped, then her face became drawn, and before she gave full vent to her suffering, she fell down in a heap.

"Do you really believe God would allow you to deceive him?" She heard above her his holy voice and horror kept her from sobbing. A mysterious shiver went through and through her. Suddenly she was on her feet again. She trembled all over.

"As you are all-knowing..." she lifted her arms from her body and spread out her palms.

"But what is troubling you?" he asked again, but this time he looked lingeringly at her, and she held his attention.

"Go no longer to my mother!" she murmured softly, but with emphasis. "She is not worth your consolation nor your gifts. She insults you; she spreads false rumors about you, when you have been with her." Still more softly. "She is disgraceful — I hate her!"

She bent her head and now he actually stroked her hair. "I am aware of all that," the young man replied. "But never permit yourself to hate! Love instead!"

Under his caresses her head fell back and her face lay open under his. His lips curved and her eyes closed.

Ecstasy took possession of her; she felt as if she would never see this world again. At last she opened her eyes, and found herself quite alone.

Later, she returned. Detesting her mother, which was against the Law, she was forced to confess it. The bitterest hatred her heart was yet to know; because she now began to wonder whether her mother's boasts might not be true, the young priest having visited the mother again. Away with her goats, Felicitas suffered a helpless dread of what she imagined might now be happening between them.

Today a twilight lay over the rocky passage, and the door of the young man's room stood half ajar. But why? Everything within was quiet. Felicitas listened a long long while before the door in the dark. No one spoke, no one came or went. Then she began to edge her way

carefully, making no sound, through the half-open door — and this seemed to take a long time.

Having entered it, the room affected her strangely as she surveyed it. The sun had gone from it, new colours had appeared and forms undergone a change. But it was not the aspect of things that affected her so. The young priest was not visible, and it was due to that rather that the silent room now filled her with an anticipated, pure, serene happiness. She was no longer aware of any stain in her, of hatred or doubt. Everything that she had feared was obliterated. No one had sinned and she was scarcely conscious of the wonderful dream gaining upon her.

By the shadowed wall on which hung the Saviour, a black garment lay on a chair. It was a humble wrinkled garment and crumpled in a heap in the uncertain shadows of the room. Nevertheless Felicitas tiptoed up to it, bent over it as far as she could and kissed it. But look! It moved; it stretched itself. A voice asked: "Is that you, Gog."

His voice! And beneath her kisses the black gown became alive! What if he should turn now and see her? Never! God spare me! she prayed. The impulse came to her to mew like Gog. Mewing feebly she retreated, and the young priest continued to lean motionless on the back of his praying-chair, unconscious of her appearance.

She had deceived him after all, and wondered herself how it had happened.

After that she continued to go to confession, but kept her secret, and he seemed none the wiser. That her terrible inner suffering could remain hidden from him of all people! She watched him and no longer knew him — alas, no longer. Here in the church, in the confessional, she could almost have screamed and cried her eyes out.

Instead she ran off and hid herself in a cave in the earth. Her mother couldn't find her. It was the priest who finally discovered her.

At last she could bring herself to speak. "I am beyond all help; I can't even confess. Whose hand has so silenced my mouth?"

The priest comforted her: "I will pray for you, until the devil relinquishes his power over you" — and more softly: "I will help you in your struggle."

She herself struggled. He couldn't help her bear her burden, certainly not he. She realized that this thing was harder than all her other hardships, the care of children, the burden of the jug, her hands so tired and aching, when she fell on her straw bed dead with exhaustion.

Thoroughly worn out and trembling with fear she made her way again to confession.

This time she let herself go. "Yes, I kissed you. I didn't believe it was you. I believed it was your black gown in the chair. But I longed and hoped that the dress had been yourself — you alone."

The young priest was silent as always; in astonishment he looked above her head. Finally he wanted to make sure he had heard correctly. "So it was you? You cried like my cat Gog and called me back from my thoughts. You? What an act of grace that it was you," he murmured, as though he himself were confessing. "It was well that you called to me. I was sorely tempted!"

Instantly Felicitas suspected that things had changed completely. She didn't understand his meaning yet. But she felt: he too was not to be deceived, but needed deception. Far from regretting it, he was grateful for the deception. When at last she left him standing there, she was frozen, even in the sunshine.

For two years longer she lived on in the village. Life was quiet with her. The young priest still came down from his house on the cliff and Felicitas carrying her burden, descended the terraced street. They met at the crossroads. Felicitas put aside her burden and kissed

his gown. And then she looked back after him amazed that he was still there and lived on.

Others courted the beautiful Felicitas. Perhaps only then did she realize what had happened, and answered them all : no. When her mother died, the young priest stood alone with Felicitas in the hut and wept softly. She had never seen him weep. Her own tears ceased to flow and she looked at him.

In later years out in the world, at moments of despair and discouragement, all her life, when she was looking for consolation and peace, she remembered above all his tears. But likewise in her memory those tears dried just as quickly as they had done that day on his lean cheek. "He would have liked to have me too," she decided.

Not till she was an old woman did she love him again.

ALFRED DÖBLIN

THE USE OF MUSIC IN LITERATURE

(English version by Edward W. Titus)

This use rests on the quality inherent in music to serve literature as an example. Which calls for elucidation.

■
* *

Suppose this situation : It is evening. I am at my desk. An open book lies before me. Behind me plays the radio. Something is being said; the words annoy me; then there is music. What occurs is this : I have just been reading, following tiresome thought-passages, — and suddenly I find myself listening. Some one ‘speaks’ again. No, not again, it is only now that some one speaks. The piece spoken is full of spirit, and it fascinates me to listen to it. But it is not words that I am listening to nor thoughts, and yet they are thoughts — from quite another sphere of thought. It is wonderful to follow them, and restful. What are they playing ? Modern music ? Not at all. Medleys, popular tunes, dances. As soon as they strike up something ‘symphonic,’ I collapse : that is ‘literature’ — and I can go back to my book.

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* *

What does it all mean ? Formerly ‘music’ used to be regarded as something impassioned, romantic, some-

thing pretty, wistful or sad; a vehicle of expression, with march rhythmic, dancer rhythmic, — a thing apart. — Now — it ‘thinks.’ I am aware of and hear syllogisms, concepts. I hear, indeed, what amounts to a musical ‘concept.’ Decidedly, the ear also has its concepts and logic.

It would be bewildering, were it otherwise. It is always one and the same individual who hears, sees, paints, writes and thinks. But always he ‘thinks,’ thus at one moment, so at another. Back of it all is the brain. This thinking proceeds there in the linear direction of the voices. Concatenations come about, which start thought on its way, which develop and conclude, then thoroughly sift and refute it. The chief stress is not on potential affections and emotions. It matters not *what* is being uttered, but that something *should* be uttered, and the *manner* of the utterance.



To be sure, it is possible for music to lapse from the intellectual plane to the rank material — that is the ghastliness of it —, into the maudlin, mistaken for ‘feeling.’ It is the sham-symphonic, fed from non-musical sources, that turns aside its radii or rather confuses them. But in no case can it be taken for feeling, unless it be the crude, shall one say, organic feeling, animal and vegetal, deriving from the sympathetic nerve. The unorganized groan, the urge, sigh, laughter, stammer : in brief, ganglion-music. Yet even here it is possible to discern traces of intelligence, the logical, the cerebral, namely in the craftsmanship, the utterance, in the very need of utterance.

The danger to music lies in trick-music, in the violation of it by ‘content.’ One gets embroiled with constituent materials. No thought, science or art without its indispensable materials, — yes, but never

without complete mastery over them and the realization of their limitations. For it is precisely here that we witness and participate in a multitude of abortive struggles and all about us the materials triumph over the incompetent.



What is that over-powering welter of materials in literature? It is the novel, profusion, endless rumination, rambling essay, talk, description, twaddle. Read, on the other hand, Karl Marx's chapter on commodity and money, that closely knit analytical exposition of the conversion of a commodity into money and another commodity — as against the conversion of money into commodity and the re-conversion of the latter into money — and in the precise and yet easy flowing thought-sequence you will discover — 'music.' Why music rather than architecture? Because movement evolves in Time, which is the reason why music and intellect stand in such close relation with one another. When one speaks of having found 'music' in a given train of thought, it is not merely a poetic, idle comparison, but the affirmation of a corresponding structural law.

It follows that music has its place in the realm of intellect.



Indeed, the intellect has plainer sailing in music than in speech. The interlinking continuity along with a synchronized depth, simultaneousness, can be easily and readily achieved in music. Thinking itself is easier, freer, even deeper in music than in speech.

Speech-bound thought, on the contrary, limps and flounders. In virtue of its structure music is nearer to science than to poetry. The precision and quality of

ALFRED DÖBLIN

logic in pure music is not (at any rate is not now) an element of poetry (luxuriating primarily in the Orphic, that is to say, in the *sympathicus*), as it is of science. It would therefore be more consistent to speak of a succession of thoughts as musical rather than logical, and of a theory of the principles of music rather than of a theory of 'logic.'

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When I sit and listen to the radio broadcasting popular music — a wanderer from the realm of literature which, so it would seem, is not the same as the realm of the intellect — I am all the more amazed at the conformation of the musical material, musical groups and musical phrases. What superb work of art is there in the song form alone! And in each of the component parts thereof! How logic and the intellectual forces, and these alone, lead directly to 'form,' lead to 'art.' Show me a single 'poem' of which the same might be said — a German poem, that is —, the Chinese I am told are better off in this respect. It is possible, indeed, by means of musical forms to think extensively and with precision!

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Music, then, possesses the quality to serve literature as an example. I have demonstrated that. It follows that true musical endowment, that is insight in the almost super-intellectual, super-logical nature of music, is indispensable to a writer.

STEFAN GEORGE

BODY AND SOUL

(English version by William Stewart)

*Did not the Wise Man say : Seek the soul's beauty
Before the body's ?... " Body, soul are but words
Interchangingly real. The state grew rank
Shallow arrogant the citizen. Then the Divine One
Found forth the soul for Help and Health and Healing...
Not long time since you spoke of an erst friend :
His clear eye nebulous grown the mouth that blossomed
Drawn thin and pale narrowed the lofty brow...
Was it the body or the soul you painted? "*

STEFAN GEORGE

THE MAN WHO WAS HANGED

(English version by Edward W. Titus)

THE QUESTIONER :

You whom I cut down from the gallows, speak!

THE MAN WHO WAS HANGED :

*When midst the city's howls and maledictions
They overbore and dragged me to the gate
I saw in each who flung a stone at me
In each who arms akimbo belched his scorn
Or over heads of those who thronged in front
His eyes agape uncrooked a vengeful finger
I saw in him my own crime's lineaments
But punier or whittled down by fear.
And as I reached the scaffold and my judges
So sternly looked at me commingling loathing
And pity in their look I shook with laughter :
" What pretty plight if you ran out of sinners."
The virtue I transgressed unless a lie
Could not have graced their cheeks or their chaste wives '
Or maids' had not my guilt stood it for foil!
And when the noose was put around my neck*

STEFAN GEORGE

*With spiteful glee I felt my triumph come :
Your victor toppled down that unmarked ditch
Has cloven your brain's crust... before your children
He will arise a hero shrined in song
A god... and swifter than your eye can follow
He'll bend this rigid beam into a wheel...*

STEFAN GEORGE

THE MAN AND THE GOBLIN

(English version by Edward W. Titus)

THE MAN

*The narrow brook's bed seals a waterfall —
Whose is the shaggy leg that dangles down
From yonder mountain's dripping sodden moss?
The bushy curly head reveals a horn...
Long have I hunted in these wooded mountains
And never met the like of this... Stand still
The road is barred to you concealment vain!
The brook's clear stream reflects a goat's slim foot.*

THE GOBLIN

Nor you nor I are glad that we have met.

THE MAN

*I knew indeed of folk akin to you
From oldtime fables — but not that still today
Such useless ugly monsters roam about.*

THE GOBLIN

*When you drive out the last one of my kind
In vain will you be seeking noble game
Poor nibbling things and worms will be your prey
And when you clear the last remaining thicket
What most you need will gutter out : the source.*

STEFAN GEORGE

THE MAN

*Will my inferior teach me now? Our wit
Has slain the hydra giant dragon griffon
Our wit has cleared the barren forest acres
And rolling cornfields wave where swamps have stretched
In luscious meadows our sleek cattle feed
And farms and towns and sunny gardens flourish
There's left enough of woods for stag and doe —
We heaved up treasures from the sea and soil
And stones proclaim our triumphs to the heavens...
What seek you, relic of the gruesome jungle?
Light and good order follow in our track.*

THE GOBLIN

*You are but mortal... where your wisdom ceases
There ours begins you only glimpse its rim
When you make expiation of your sin.
And when your cornfield ripens cattle thrives
The holy trees yield richly oil and wine
You think that your astuteness served you so.
The loams imbedded in primeval night
Remain intact — wedge in upon them and
They crumple up like chains whose links have snapped.
I own at times your husbandry avails.
Now hasten back! your eyes beheld the Goblin.
I'll now reveal the worst : when splitting hairs
Your mind despite your boasted cunning
The covenant breaks with beast and sod it can
No longer loathing and desire and toil
And paltry things and dust and light and death
And birth bind up into a tidy sheaf.*

THE MAN

A pretty tale : the gods look after that.

STEFAN GEORGE

THE GOBLIN

*We never speak of them, but you are fools enough
To deem them complices. Except by proxy
They never dealt with you. You are you die —
Whose handiwork you are you'll never know.*

THE MAN

Soon you had best wind up your braggart's tale.

THE GOBLIN

Soon him you'll bid within you scorned without.

THE MAN

*You evil monster with the crooked snout
Misshapen though you are your kinship with us
Is much too close to make my shotgun's aim...*

THE GOBLIN

*Beast is bereft of shame as man of thanks
You that possess all arts yet cannot learn
What most behooves... but we serve silently.
Mark this: destroy us and you perish too.
There only where our fetlocks brush flows milk
And by our hooves untrod the ground is lean
Left to your mind's device alone your race
And all its toil would long since have been doomed
Your timber seared no blade from acres wrung...
By wonders man ignores man's life is forward swung.*

STEFAN GEORGE

THE SIREN

(English version by Edward W. Titus)

*You were the canker of my life's moonlit season
And to my breast where peace was securely reigning
You brought the clang of cleavage and blood-stained treason.*

*Of old the lurking mischief conspiring sirens
When they spied mariners the dim shores regaining
Their senses spurred with lust as with ruddy irons*

*To lure into perdition the poor bedevilled
Then on the glittering dunes in delirious rapture
Made litter of the bodies they rent and revelled :*

*So you have lured me and with bewitching clarion
Notes rich in promise held me in thongs of capture
And cast me ruthlessly to the fates for carrion*

*More proud than peacock in full flame of feather
More cunning than the cunning serpent's brood
More wayward than all womankind off tether
You were had you but boded any good :*

*Was it not you who in my heart's first glamour
Had love's first bud matured to flower
Had taught me joy and grief to stammer
Had wakened taste for worldly power?*

STEFAN GEORGE

*Was it not you before whom I would quaver
That never yet had known the chill of fear
From whom my life sucked wormwood and sweet savour
Who frail of hand contrived its course to steer?*

*Make keen the pain and let the anguish quicken
You who had never boded any good!
Must I now bear reproof and live shame-stricken
Because I still hark back to ancient mood?*

RENÉ SCHICKELE

ANGELICA

(Translated from the German by Thelma Spear Lewisohn)

The snowstorm has stopped. It is warm in the light of the sun.

O you white and celestial gardens all about! Glaciers and fields of snow, valleys, long hammocks for the sun. O fall of the wide scattered seed, O radiant bloom of light, O soft kiss of the self-consuming light, song of songs hovering about the lips of mother earth!

I am waiting for a girl, that is to say, Angelica...

"My heart has grown better," I say as simply as a village schoolmaster.

Ruth Samtaug has written me that I was to keep my eye on the girl, until her parents who were at present taking sulphur baths in Egypt returned to take her in hand, and I promised, although Ruth Samtaug's letter was again terribly refined and although the parents bathed in sulphur and have the attitude of corporals.

The train arrived.

How to distinguish her from all the masks of the people who passed?

Well, thought I, as she got out of the ice-covered train, sometimes the right name is given to the right person. I recognised her at once. "How do you do, Angelica," said I.

"St. Moritz!" cried she. "Dreamed of it for years. In all that time I've been collecting views of

St. Moritz, Herr van Maray. At last! I almost think I'm going to stay here now."

It gave me a deep pleasure to say "Angelica," for this must have been her name from the beginning of things. When she first came into the world, one would have needed but to call this name and she would have answered.

At once, as we drove down from the village to the watering-place, my eyes wandered delightedly from her fair girlish face to the little beach-forest where the sun lay as upon down, and as between transparent white hangings, spinning an almost human smile of golden threads.

I had to control myself in order not to talk too wildly and fantastically to the young woman, not to tell her the story, say of some highland Snowwhite to whom across the glittering fields (whereof one never knew, were they part of earth or heaven), there came a Snowprince with his gleaming train. Or else concerning the Icefairy of the Morteratsch glacier, whose body broke into song under the rays of the evening sun, so that the ski-runners coming down from Diavolezza were fain to follow this vibrancy in the air, and wholly lost their way. And there occurred to me other transmutations of the fairytales of our green earth into the incredibly immaculate colours of the wintry Engadine. But instead of all that I spoke of humdrum things with my everyday mouth.

When we had glided up into the Maloja valley and I kept glancing from Angelica upon this stainless world and back again to Angelica, and the sleigh-bells tinkled in the morning air as though they had chosen only the clearest syllables from the happy words of childhood and kept repeating these — I fell wholly silent. No longer was I driving on the white edge of the earth with a mere abstract symbol of innocence but with her, the daughter of heaven in the flesh. Under the fur robe I held her cool hand and seemed to myself exquisitely young and immemorially old at the same time.

Suddenly I caught myself humming a Dutch cradle song to myself.

"Herr van Maray!" she pressed my hand under the robe. "If you knew how I felt!"

"How?"

"Why, I was afraid I'd never get up here alive."

"Were you short of breath?"

"On the contrary, Herr van Maray. As the train kept rising and rising into the snow and ice, and as the slopes falling away beside the rail grew steeper and steeper, till the houses below grew, oh so tiny — at that moment the blue sky began to roar — like the roaring in one's ears when one faints."

"So it was the rarified air?"

"Is the air any different up here from down below? No, I could still breathe very deeply and vigourously, and I did too, and I seemed so wonderful to myself and ever lighter and lighter. If we were to be derailed, said I to myself, I'd simply fly away."

"And the tunnels?"

"Certainly, Herr van Maray. The tunnels try to scare you and roar terribly and flash out short thick lightening flashes like gigantic matches that won't burn properly. But I wasn't a bit scared and bang! suddenly there came a great white valley in which the sun lay naked on its belly."

"And you were wholly different from anything you had been before?"

"Exactly, Herr van Maray. Quite different. I want to lie on my belly like the sun."

She lifted her arms, flapped them like wings and laughed.

"Oh to be free! Free! Now is the time! I shall do what I like. No one here knows me, except yourself — and you will let me have my fling, won't you? But I warn you, Herr van Maray, you will be amazed!"

"What's more," she continued earnestly — "I am

here with a trunkful of secrets. The greater part Frau Samtaug packed, and some of it I may show you, the other I dare not show. Shall I begin ? ”

“ Angelica, I suggest we leave the trunk as it is, and let it be taken to the warehouse! ”

“ Splendid! I agree. We’ll begin life anew. Just as I imagined. ”

“ You wait and see, Angelica, under this sunlight you will think of the people in Berlin as of ghosts. ”

“ Perhaps not all of them, Herr van Maray. But I think : first we will celebrate vacation. I have never had a vacation. That is to say, in reality I have nothing but vacation. I am quick at learning things, and so most of the time I am bored and get annoyed and imagine the craziest things. Therefore let us make an end of this now. Vacation. White vacation, golden vacation — vacation with John van Maray. — in the whole world there shall be nothing other than — ”.

Together we repeated in chorus :

“ White vacation, golden vacation, vacation for Angelica, vacation with John van Maray. ”

During the night it snowed. From my bed I could see the snowflakes whirling in the light of the street lantern, ever more thickly, ever more quickly. Upon a newly arisen white rotating world, I drove the coach of my dreams. I saw how the sphere moved off suddenly and hung in space as a silent cloud. And as though I had been waiting for this during the whole time of its restless twinkling and spinning about, I called out with deep contentment, “ Angelica. ”

At breakfast I awaited her in vain and was informed finally that the young lady had noticed in the hall the poster of a teacher of skiing, according to which this morning a course for beginners was starting, whereupon the young lady had borrowed skis from an unknown woman and promised to be back for the noon meal with these as well as with a pair of her own. However, she

appeared only at dark, but asserted when called to account, and proved by appealing to new guests, that she had travelled behind their sleigh from St. Moritz to Sils.

"Well, but can you really ski?" I asked her.

"See for yourself," she replied and pointed to her feet, which without visible proof were swinging over the Persian hall-carpet. Curiously enough, everyone who looked at the small swinging feet, was firmly convinced.

"But exactly how?"

"That's easy!" After the class she had taken the instructor aside and had had further practice with him alone until five o'clock.

"And then?" Then she got into the mail autobus on the way and proceeded to St. Moritz, in order to buy skis — on credit — if you please, as she had no money left, hunger, thirst and the monetary reward of the ski-teacher having devoured everything. "Just think of it, the poor man worked from nine until five!"

"Well, and?" My word, and then she had stood in front of the sport shop and asked the sleighing parties which went by, if they were headed for Sils.

Again her audience assented as though this were the most natural thing in the world.

There had been, however, mostly sleighs coming from the station with hungry travellers hurrying to a nearby hotel. As the last sleigh in the procession passed, in which an elderly married couple were sitting, she didn't first ask, but bade the driver simply to "Stop!" and half laughing, half crying and with a long rope swinging in her hand she went up to them.

Scarcely had she begun to praise to the utter strangers, fallen from the sky, the incomparable situation of Sils Maria and the comfort of her hotel there, when the man in the carriage interrupted her: "Do you realize, my child, that I have been coming here for thirty years, and know my way about? But such a pretty temptress shall

not possess a hotel in Sils for nothing. We will spend the night in Sils." Whereupon Angelica laughing and chatting hitched her rope to the sleigh and with a clear voice: "Very well, let's go!" gave directions. And they did indeed go on. "Skijoring I call that," she cried frightened, when at a sudden dip in the road she collided with full force with the sleigh and landed between the heads of the occupants.

Otherwise she said nothing.

But she hadn't had a fall — no, not a single fall, the married couple assured all the other guests who had gathered trustingly about Angelica, and as for the married couple, who were in the Engadine for the thirtieth time, they stayed not one night in the unfamiliar hotel, according to their original plan, but stayed fully eight weeks, stayed so long until finally poor Angelica too — alas! left the hotel ever so quietly...

Meanwhile the jest of a Swiss colonel who, in memory of an old opera, called Angelica "The Daughter of the Regiment," made the guests realize how the young girl had as by a stroke of magic made them all into one family, the center, will and imagination of which was, of course, herself. Those who couldn't already do so, learned how to ski quickly, in order to be there, holding their breath when Angelica silently impelled teacher and pupils to outdo themselves in the strenuous morning hours of the lesson, which one remembered nevertheless as though it had been the gayest of dances, and in order to overrun after dinner the neighbourhood, — a laughing, gasping, tumbling troop.

In the evenings at the dance it was Angelica again who enticed everyone, old and young, in the dance round, as though all periods of life blended with her in the most natural manner and as though she had but to make herself the companion of any age in order to have that age reveal at once its own happiest and fairest character.

She danced with the Swiss colonel, who hated jazz

music, and with his extensive wife, with the Italian teetotaler and the Irish drunkard, and not less seriously with "the little ones," namely her own contemporaries.

No one would have dared to show the slightest suspicion of an equivocal smile, and when once she sat down next to Carlo Boss, the rather impudent drummer of the jazz-band, and begged him to put his arm around her, because she was tired and longed for a brother to cuddle up to, the fellow sat through it without moving and reminded one of an ape rigid with reverence holding a human baby in his arms.

Nevertheless I lived through some disturbing moments. This Boss had been left behind in the hotel by an old lady, who had suddenly refused to pay his bills any longer, and so she had recommended that in order to pay his debts he be put to work in the jazz-orchestra, because she was quite sure that he was fitted for nothing better than to beat a drum. From him came a mouldy, perfumed stench, his quavering voice cut into one's nerves. I had difficulty to keep out of his way because he posed as a friend of Johanna and pretended to know Angelica from of old, as he said from his "better days," when he had met her at the house of mutual friends, the Samtaugs. Angelica avoided him intentionally. I was therefore quite surprised when she took refuge in his arms.

I asked her later why she had done that, and she retorted :

"I was lonesome for Johanna."

A mysterious reply. She could have come to me just as well with her lonesomeness. Also this was the first time she had uttered Johanna's name before me. I assumed that my wife had ordered her not to mention her name. Why then hadn't Johanna prevented the little one from being recommended to me? For a day or two Angelica's presence had a rather alarming effect on me.

Seldom did she mention her parents. Only once when

the remark escaped her : " Men are like locomotive trains — huge — and keep going straight ahead," and when someone answered mockingly : " And women, Angelica? How about women?" she replied : " My mother looks like a mirror looking at another mirror. Can you imagine how bright and empty it is between two such mirrors? I've got a marvellous mother!"

" You know her," she called out to me. I was so taken unawares that I made no reply.

Angelica kept her eyes lowered and seemed to have trouble to get back her spontaneity.

If the truth were known, I couldn't have described her mother's appearance. Our acquaintance of more than fifteen years ago was short and had been a restless one. Her father I couldn't remember at all.

Soon the hotel guests became convinced that they would immediately empty their pockets in order to pay a huge ransom for Angelica should she be kidnapped on a trip to Morocco, and that they would gather together from the ends of the earth to conspire the death of the man who made her marriage unhappy. And when Ski-joring in the Alps, she sprained her foot, the shocked crowd fought as to who could carry her home. — Eventually they passed her around, taking turns, and thus brought her to the hotel.

" It's nothing at all," the Swiss doctor whom they had called explained with a Swiss accent : " Absolutely nothing to be alarmed about." He was a little man, his brief sentences came reluctantly from a bristly moustache under which shone a blue shaven chin, whereas the rest of the conspicuously broad face displayed a healthy tan. He had dark eyes which looked wistfully over the tops of his glasses when he spoke to one, and as long as he was in the room he trod softly — but once out of the room he stamped like a soldier.

In short, he was a sympathetic fellow and most certainly the contrary of a charlatan. Nevertheless I

shuddered, as he came in. He reminded me of someone I had met in a desperate situation, only for a long while I couldn't recollect where or when.

"A vera leetle ting," he repeated in the hall, and, his melancholy eyes screened behind his glasses, slowly surveyed the brightening faces.

The next day the hotel was anything but quiet, and Angelica's room filled at all hours with visitors, because no one dreamed of going out into the snow without her. The mob huddled in a corner or mounted and descended the stairs and hovered about the corridors to be near their disabled leader. Packages of fresh flowers appeared in the house, everyone acted as though unaware where they came from, and the fat wife of the Swiss colonel never left the sick room, although there was nothing to do there, except to rub the swollen joint with ointment twice a day, and to arrange the incessant flood of flowers in vases and glasses.

Her parents had not been notified. They were supposed to be on the way home after their departure had been put off several times because of the reluctance of her mother who dreaded the water, and couldn't be persuaded to take ship at Port Said on a boat returning from India — Alexandria being port of call of only French Mediterranean ships, some of which were too wretched, the better sort booked up weeks ahead. At last they were reported to be happily on the way, although a week passed by without news from them. And at the end of this week we took the Diavolezza excursion with Angelica.

We climbed up from the houses around Bernina and descended by way of the Morteratsch glacier. This is a splendid and remarkably easy trip, on which even the weakest ski-runner enjoyed himself. On top of the glacier I suddenly thought of the Icefairy that I had concealed from Angelica on her arrival out of respect for her advanced years, and now I told her the story.

I told her how the fairy stood high up on the ice, hands twisted over her head so that she resembled a human column, stood there and the setting sun drew music from her. My lips produced a soft humming sound, and at this moment I myself believed in the existence of the Icefairy.

The crowd stood still in the middle of the glacier. The glacier swam in the red light of evening, and the magic glow flowed over us as well and transfigured us all — old and young. And no one moved and each one heard the music which the falling star unchained in that far-removed corner of the earth, and each one enchanted with himself and the glowing white of this lonely world, heard the streaming song of the fairy, heard, enraptured, the earth underfoot ring with sound, their taut and buoyant faces were vibrant with it, and the projecting peaks round about were sonorous with music.

Yes, they all heard the lofty, soft, vibrating song, because Angelica stood below them and because they saw her uplifted face, and saw how her firm slender body thrilled in the calm.

On our way back she stayed near me for a while.

"You there, John?" she cried out as we went along — nothing more than "you John" — and looked at me with questioning eyes.

I nodded.

Thenceforth an intimacy was established.

That evening for the first time there was no dancing. The people sat together, telling stories — an occurrence never heard of in a hotel on the civilized earth for generations.

"We are consecrated," Angelica said with conviction, "the Icefairy on top of the Morteratsch glacier has done this." She looked into one face after another, and even the Swiss officer who really believed in nothing and was on the whole a bully, even he nodded in sober agreement. To maintain still further the company's mood of pious

enjoyment, I now invented man-hating snowdwarfs, who, when infuriated, fling avalanches into the valley, in order to work havoc in hotels.

Carlo Boss had to take the drum; I seated myself with the saxophone at the piano, and we demonstrated to Angelica the way in which the snow-goblins behaved.

It would be quite possible, I suggested standing up, that the Irish "consul" would wake up with a knot of ice on his nose after such a night, the Italian teetotaler with his moustache frozen red in wine.

"And I?" Angelica questioned, holding up one finger.

"And you," I replied, "you will find yourself tomorrow morning no longer in your bed and will be forced to take the train to Bernina in all haste, to explore the leafless larch forests near Pontresina in search of yourself, and if you are fortunate, you will stumble upon yourself there at play with white snow-kittens. These snow-kittens possess a golden head with amber eyes and a long tail the colour of the sunset, as we see it from the top of the Morteratsch glacier. When they leap about the wood from tree to tree, so that the snow flies from the branches down the trunks, flix, flax! gold, yellow and red: then, as you can imagine, it is sunset in the wood at any hour of the day. Or you may even discover yourself fast asleep in the birchwood by St. Moritz — who can tell, where these snow-spirits will have dragged you in their rage.

"Well," cried Carlo Boss in his thin piping voice, "that's what the pack is for. The pack will look for you."

"I think so too," a voice seconded this suggestion. "I have been coming here for thirty years, I know my way about."

Indeed, we spent this evening in the sun in the open, touched by sheaves of powdered snow, which shot out from under the blades of the ski-runners; we spent it

in small, wind protected woods, and on top of fields of snow, which our thoughts ran through with lightning quickness. Gone was the artificial sultriness wherein usually the jazz-band shook up the emotions, class feelings and instincts into a jellied mass. About us it was snow white, snow clear, and if it had occurred to someone to think about the Icefairy, he would most certainly have come to the conclusion that she was in our midst and was called Angelica.

“Oh beautiful voyage as light as the wind,
Before which the distances unfold themselves.”

The next morning the disaster occurred.

No one had seen Angelica leave the hotel.

Without alarming the guests, most of whom were still breakfasting I quietly confirmed my observation, that she had prepared herself early, and that her skis were missing.

Thereupon I examined all the exits for a fresh trace, but as the ground was frozen, I found nothing. I telephoned here and there. A hotel in Fextal replied affirmatively, that in the very early morning a young woman from our hotel had drunk a glass of warm milk there, that she had refused breakfast because she was going directly to the lake and was saving her appetite in order to enjoy breakfasting at home.

In order to gain speed I took my skis over my shoulder and ran. Upon reaching the inn, where the inn-keeper confirmed the telephone conversation, without shedding any new light, I buckled on my skis and started the descent to the lake. The snow was well trampled down and hardened. The blades rattled and thumped against each other and just as I wanted to pull up suddenly in full career in the wild drive towards the forest, I slid diagonally on the creaking blades close up to the forest trees.

Here, five steps farther in the wood, precisely in the

direction of my journey, Angelica lay with a pain-contorted face and threw kisses at me.

Herskis with the shoes still buckled on them lay near her.

"I must have broken at least a leg," she stammered. "In addition my feet may be frozen. I took my shoes off, but couldn't get them on again. Oh dear!"

She twisted her arms and shook her head vehemently. Shivering, her face twitching convulsively, and with terror-filled rolling eyes, she tried to laugh aloud. Ah! It was a whipped top which was trying to leap.

On the lake the crowd came towards us. The Colonel wanted to take her from my arms by force. I wouldn't permit it; with head bent over her, I took long steps. Quietly and fearfully the others followed and held their breath at Angelica's quivering and tormented attempts to laugh.

When the doctor came down late that evening the guests in the corridor leaped up and surrounded him. He laid his finger on his mouth and said: "Peace — absolute quiet! I demand it imperatively. A gentleman and a lady have undertaken the nursing. That will suffice. A broken right thigh and pneumonia."

Again a horror overcame me at the sight of this comical and yet so earnest little man. And now I knew whom he reminded me of. He resembled that letter-carrier by the sea, where I had once stood before the dead bodies of two lovers... With a jerk he turned around and strode away.

I sent telegrams to Heluan and at the same time to the steamship company — in Cairo and Marseilles. Angelica asked for no news of her parents.

The first night and the following day passed quietly. During the second night delirium set in. With infinite longing she called out for Johanna Van Maray, the bright Johanna; with wide outflung arms she tried to seize her. But the picture of the "mother" seemed always to evaporate and nothing to be left but "Sunlight in the

room." With these words stammered amid dry sobs and softly dying away : " Nothing but sunlight in the room," and " No one any longer in the room," the vision of her beautiful mother whom she called Johanna faded.

The third night it came to pass that I sprang up and held my ears, because I couldn't bear her raving any longer.

Within her clear young face a second darker face emerged, and swallowed the first. She who had so short a time before been a child, whom we had put to bed with timid hands — she raised herself undisciplined, molten and yet determined, gnashed her teeth, clenched her fist, threatened, begged, sneered, fought with tooth and nail — for her lover. Once I believed I understood that this unknown one had betrayed her; then again it was she who, with her hands tearing her hair, accused herself.

Her mouth distorted itself into a scream to which something intense in her clung : " You! " Her very hands had lost their look of impersonal loveliness. " You never have time — you in Berlin, never. But now I have you. There. Now you will learn how to keep still, when I ask you something! "

Her hands clawed at the bed covering, as though they had killed a wild animal and were holding it fast.

And suddenly infinite relief composed her face, she stretched out her arms : " Ah! " —

Yet again her whole body drew itself together and she whimpered a long while : " Don't leave me so much alone! I am afraid. Pay some attention to Angelica — just a little bit. "

Perplexed I called to her. " Angelica! Angelica! " But she never heard me.

I was glad that she went to sleep before the Colonel's wife relieved me.

" Telegraph to Kurt! " Angelica commanded, when she woke up in the gray morning light. The officer's

wife had no idea who Kurt was, and couldn't find out. Because instead of answering her question Angelica began to converse softly and enthusiastically with Kurt. At last she went to sleep. "We must telegraph to Kurt", the woman assured me, her face streaming with tears, her eyes turned away.

During his morning visit I spoke with the doctor, and he caused the Colonel's wife to be replaced by a trained nurse from Maloja. The woman offered no objection. Only a new flood of tears started from her eyes. The Colonel was enraged and offered himself instead. Being refused, he shrugged his shoulders and murmured that he didn't understand this comedy.

"Wire to Mama," Angelica commanded. "If she doesn't come at once I'll elope with Kurt... He'll have the car waiting behind the stables at Buskow," she added slyly. She giggled and passed her hand tenderly over the coverlet... I understood : she had made up with Kurt. They were at one.

Suddenly she raised herself up : "If you don't wire at once," she said slowly and gazed at the ceiling. She fell back on the pillow. "Murderers!" she murmured and contorted her face... After a while she smiled. "You donkeys!"

When she awoke, she lay for a long time groaning on her back and stared at me. Gradually she recognized me.

"You are to love Johanna," she commanded, and after a long while during which she looked at me beseechingly and in pain, she added : "A nice kind of an uncle! What's the use of having an uncle if he doesn't even come to see you when you're dying?"

"But I'd like to know where he lives!" I said and jumped up. For it occurred to me suddenly that there was that uncle of hers in Berlin who had put her on the train eight weeks ago, and who had even sent me his regards — Kurt Kommer, an old friend of my wife.

She stretched out her index finger and cried out jubilantly : " Steglitz 5498. "

" Steglitz 5498, " she repeated wearily, closed her eyes and turned her face to the wall. " Good night — my dear, dear Kurt. "

I rang and begged the Colonel to come up. He sat up very straight in my chair and hurled threatening glances into the corner of the room, as though he recognized the enemy there.

" Johanna, my child is dying, " I murmured to myself. " How do such things come to pass ? " On the stairs I met the physician. " Doctor, my child is dying ! " I threatened. I was beside myself and lifted my trembling fists to his face.

I roared at him : " You cold-hearted rascal ! You pretend to know everything ! And what do you know ? "

No sooner had I entered the telephone booth and put the receiver to my ear than whistling sounds came through it. " Hello. " Is that Sils Maria ? " First I refused to understand and cried that I must have Berlin at once.

" Berlin speaking ! Is that Sils Maria ? " the answer came. I cried at random, " Steglitz 5498. "

" Exactly, this is Steglitz 5498 ! "

" God almighty ! " I said. " Are you by any chance Kurt Kommer ? "

" Ha ! " It sounded like the snorting of an angry animal. And next came a trumpet tone : " Kurt Kommer speaking. They cabled from Cairo — the little girl — Hello, are you listening ? My train leaves at two sixteen. Look up in the time table when it arrives. "

" Plane ! " I cried. " You must come by plane ! "

First there was a screeching in the instrument, then the wires hummed. Far far away I heard soft words in English.

" Damn it all ! " the words suddenly burst out of the singing of the wires... " Hello — are you still there ? I'll fly ! "

Back in her room I sat down close to Angelica and took her hand and said :

“ Angelica, I have talked to him on the wire. He is starting by airplane and will arrive tonight. ”

She smiled and rocked her head to and fro : “ Don’t believe it! You are only saying that. ”

She died shortly after midnight.

The doctor scratched his bluish skin, bent over the bed and carefully closed the child’s eyes. Then he stamped vigorously across the corridor, like life itself. — Life that goes on.

And now she was again what she had been when I first saw her, a beautiful proud child — fast frozen into the transparent stillness.

Several times, with a feeling of terror, I heard myself humming the old Dutch cradle-song.

And each time it seemed to me that I saw Johanna actually sitting on the other side of the bed. Her serious and earnest eyes, the colour of smoked topaz, were fixed on me... “ Johanna, ” said I, “ I have lost my child... Yes... It came all over me... She could have been my child... Who knows? Now she is dead. ”

At two o’clock Uncle Kurt arrived. Sparks flew from his tortoise-shell spectacles, as he stormed through the brilliantly lit hall. The crowd slunk into the corners, each separated from the other by an eternity. Next to the stairs the Colonel sat astride on a chair and sobbed into his folded arms.

That was the only sound.

After a short while Uncle Kurt was in the hall again and demanded food. The concierge laid a table in the small salon and put wine and cold cuts on it.

Kommer treated me as though we were old friends, which made an unpleasant impression on me. I had certainly not seen him more than four times in my life, and of all of Johanna’s early friends he had always seemed to me the least agreeable.

RENÉ SCHICKELE

I sat down beside the man.

First he talked uninterruptedly about the dangers to which sport subjected the youth of today, and once he called Angelica a very exacting child, whom fate had finally lured to the fitting playground to die in.

I clenched my fists under the table.

When he grew calmer I asked him casually whether he had been especially fond of the child.

"Who wasn't fond of her!" he cried, continuing to eat.

"True," I said, "But I had the feeling that she clung closest to you!"

He made a negative gesture.

"Not a bit. To her mama. Only her mama had no time. I used to take the little one to the Zoo once in a while or to Buskow and chattered with her whenever I could. Otherwise — naw, naw — she was crazy about her bobbed-haired mama! That is to say — Quite recently she had a crush on Johanna."

"And her father?"

"Her father?"

First he stared at me very wide-eyed as though he couldn't imagine why I asked that. I grew hot and cold at the same time.

"Aw yes!" he drawled. "My dear sir! In Berlin men have to work, you know! Work! See?"

There it was. Uncle Kurt had known nothing of her love. He was no more guilty than were her father and her mother. She had been dear to them all.

Her name had been Angelica...

A creature with a tear-bathed face stumbled slowly up to our table, — the man with the drum, Carlo Boss. When Kommer beheld him he started and the sparks flew from his lenses... With a grinding motion he protruded his jaw.

Suddenly he roared. "What! You here! You want your ears boxed?"

Carlos Boss bent humbly down and with a shrill sob ran out of the room.

"Send me the concierge!" Kommer called after him.

Immediately thereafter, in fact, the concierge appeared.

"Champagne!" ordered Kommer. He threw down his napkin and pulled out his cigar-case.

"She was not happy at home," he stated the fact baldly.

The champagne came.

I refused to drink with him.

"Doesn't matter," he said. Then when we were alone again: "Now, sir! We'll have a little explanation. In the first place I don't know whether you have any idea that Angelica ..."

With hot wretchedness I perceived his drift: Angelica, tiptoeing, raising her arms toward me, the word "father" on her deathly pallid lips... I made a gesture to obliterate that image from the man's mind and interrupted him:

"What business is that of yours? I am in no need of your enlightenment!"

He continued:

"Secondly my friend Johanna and your wife ..."

Again I shook my head forbiddingly, and he was silenced. Even though I noticed that his wild goings on were directed against himself, I could stand it no longer. To have his boisterous word with me — while she lay yonder in the transparent iciness of silence.

"Very well, to-morrow then," he announced calmly, and lifted the wine-goblet to his mouth.

I went to Angelica.

I stayed bowed over her until morning, because I knew now with absolute certainty, that she was my child.

Now I possessed her. Now, for the first time — entirely.

I looked for my childhood in her and my death.

RENÉ SCHICKELE

I saw ruins of music scattered about us and heard a tread, which cut like a machine into this soft evening carol of a bird, a stupid stamping step.

No longer did the bird sing. The frozen woods stood rigid.

Yet again I was present at her death.

I heard every word, and saw every line in her face.

From the first day to the last.

That interminably long day and yet longer night — with the solemn gliding of a sleep-walker they dragged past hour by hour.

Light came in through the windows.

Yet again I relived the death of my child. The room was filled with sunlight.

Her name was Angelica.

Eight weeks had passed as one moment : just so long I had known her. In a white and golden heaven. On the verge of the sky. What incalculable happiness.

Her name was Angelica.

She had come to me to die after giving me eight long, radiant weeks of her life. How could one be properly grateful for that — just how ?

I opened the window.

In the morning air the sleigh-bells sounded, as though they had retained of the words of the child only the clearest syllables and playfully repeated these.

KURT KLÄBER

STEERAGE

(English version by Edward W. Titus)

The steward ran three times through the passages ringing the bell before the men began to stir. It was the call for breakfast. The first to emerge from his cabin was the German. He shook himself in the cold like a dog, climbed the stairs with difficulty, and arriving at the top shook himself again. The others came following one by one.

The coffee was brought lukewarm to the table. There were rusks, hard and stale, with red jam, turned sour. The fat Hollander puckered his lips after he had tasted the jam, drew himself up from his seat, turned sharp about and went below.

The big Scotchman nibbled at a rusk like a discontented tomcat, sipped his coffee and stared glumly into space.

Korpslew alone seemed happy. He rolled his eyes, watched the French Lady, who in a spotted jacket squatted like a toad-stool by the side of Longlegs. He opened his mouth to say something to her, but did not quite know what to say.

The French Lady smiled at him. She clucked like a hen to encourage him, but Korpslew could not get a word through his teeth. His mouth closed down again. He had been thinking hard of something to say, and in the end the idea came to him to return her smile.

The Deaconess now came in. She wore a red shawl tied around her head in such a manner that of her face

only her big eyes remained visible. She curtsied before she sat down in the large chair and crossed herself furtively. She seemed more devotional than usual.

The Jewess gobbled her food as she had gobbled her dinner the night before. The hard rusks were passing through her grinding jaws as through a mill. Longlegs was watching her stealthily, and squinted at her doming breasts, his eyes growing smaller and smaller in the process.

There was more animation at the centre of the table. Wryneck sat growling over his rusks. "Pfui" he said and spat another mouthful out on the plate before him, "a bone as hard as this you wouldn't give to a dog."

Finnicky jabbed him in the side. "Bernie!" he called out to him and looked at him reprovingly.

But Wryneck was getting only more furious. He flung down the knife he had just lifted to his mouth, heaped with jam, and jumped up from the table. "Gentlemen!" he shouted, "for twelve long years I have been travelling to and fro between Frisco and New York, but never have I seen such rotten service as this."

The American looked at him with astonishment. The Dane and the Belgian also turned round to look at him. But since no one had anything to say on the subject, Wryneck reassembled his body that had shot up in the air so suddenly, and sank down back into his chair. He even reached out for the jam pot again, plunged his spoon in it and kept on looking at the German.

The latter had heaped up the red mess on his plate, sprinkling sugar over it and pushing it on his tongue. It melted there slowly and slithered down his gullet.

At the upper end of the table the feeding had not yet begun. The American, his head bent down, was looking over towards the Belgian. "Going back to Antwerp, brother?" he asked across the table.

"Yah," answered the Belgian. "America is much too cold for me."

The American smiled. "It isn't America that is cold. It's mankind that is cold."

"O!" the Belgian raised his voice, "not the people in Europe. Europe is an over-heated boiler, and the people are the fuel under it."

The Dane agreed with him. "Just you wait", he hissed across to the American, "in six or eight days, when you set foot in Europe, you will feel the heat soon enough yourself."

The American smiled. "What is the difference?" he answered slowly, lifting his hands a little, "heat or cold: the one burns you up, the other freezes you. We're at the end of the rope."

The Dane opened his eyes wide and stared at the American in amazement. The Belgian was less surprised by the singular sentiment. He nudged the astonished Dane in the ribs and blinked at him.

The fat Hollander came striding back to the saloon. He carried a package under his arm. Sitting down fussily in the revolving chair he untied the package. There was butter in it. He spread some of it on the rusk before him, then quickly folded the round lump of grease up again, and pushed it down into one of his long coat tails.

Before beginning to eat, he looked all around to see if any one was watching him. The men glared down upon their plates in silence. Only the Deaconess was squinting over in his direction. She screwed up her mouth as though she were tasting the golden-yellow butter on her tongue. But no sooner had her eyes met the fat Dutchman's eyes, than she quickly drew her head back, crossed herself as was her habit, and her pious regard was again glued down to the black book-cover.

Korpslew still hovered amorously about her. He seemed at last to have come upon words that were appropriate. He formed them upon his lips, murmured them to himself, and pulled the queerest faces.

"I am from Pittsburg," he stuttered, beaming at her.

"Is that so?" the French Lady broke in.

Korpslew considered this almost a success. He settled deeper down in his chair, planted his fists upon the table, and kept his mouth wide open. "I mean", he stuttered more rapidly, "I was living near there, in a dump of a place. Coal mining."

"Is that so?" the French Lady answered again. Her nodding was already more amiable.

"That was a joke!" shouted Korpslew, who was becoming excited by that manifest friendliness. "But we were as filthy as pigs every day. And we sweated blood, I tell you, the work was so devilish hard."

For the third time the French Lady answered, "Is that so?" shored her head up with her hands, and was just by so much closer to him. "But," he mumbled familiarly, sniggered and moved his own head closer up to hers, "there were black wenches there to scrub us down every evening. Not so bad, that. We skipped about like calves, licked nice and clean."

"Is that so?" came from the French Lady for the fourth time. But now she bent back, because Korpslew was leaning so far forward on the table that he could almost have touched her.

He also tilted his head back. He had arrived at the end of his tether. He settled back in the chair, closed down one eye and sat blinking at her. He seemed to be waiting for something, and realizing this, she sniffed slightly, edged up again to the table and said, looking at him impressively: "I am from Boston."

Korpslew puckered up his mouth, smirked, as if about to say something, but could only echo back "Boston," and roll his eyes as though that name were the strangest he had ever heard.

The French Lady reflected what else she might say to her smirking companion. There was a pause. Sud-

denly, craning her neck, she exclaimed : " O, I am going to Boulogne and then to Paris. "

Korpslew feigned astonishment. " Paris, " he hissed after her. " A big city, that, I have been told. "

Another interval of silence. The French Lady closed her eyes and tilted her head. She seemed to be thinking of Paris. Korpslew watched her. When she lifted her eyelids and smiled down on him he said rapidly : " And I go to Carlisle. A beautiful place. It lies by the sea, almost. I have not seen it for three years. "

" By the sea, " repeated the French Lady.

Korpslew nodded. " I have a small house there. You can see the water from it, the waves... "

" Yes, " interposed Longlegs, who, with drooping mouth-corners, had been observing their growing intimacy, " and his wife and children are living in it. "

At these words Korpslew's mouth, nose and eyes contracted convulsively as though a blow had suddenly been delivered there. He wanted to answer him, but only a snarling sound came through his teeth. He brought his hands together, and the hands became fists that rose, clenched and knotted, ready to hit out. Just then he noticed that the French Lady was still smiling.

The clenched fists relaxed and he smiled with her.

" Have we got to Carlisle? " he asked defiantly, turning to Longlegs. " No, we are still on board ship! "

" No, we are still on board ship! "

" On board ship! " repeated the French Lady, blinking her eyes and exposing her tongue's tip.

Another dialogue had got under way nearby. The fat Hollander had been trying to make up to the Deaconess. He examined first her face, which was ashgrey, then lingered on her nose, which was pointed, but he presently caught himself thinking of her eyes, which he had seen her fix upon his lump of butter, and he conceded that they had had much fire in them.

The wenches in Canada are sturdier and they have more tallow about the ribs, he ruminated. But there is not much to choose from here. No! He pushed his round face closer up to the woman.

"Lady," he bleated in his gluey voice and put a buttered rusk before her, "it tastes much nicer."

The Deaconess did not stir. Only her eyes twinkled secretively and she wriggled her coniform backside.

Fatty was disappointed. He stuck his face in front of her eyes, puffed up his stubbly cheeks and said convincingly: "It is very good butter. From my farm."

The Deaconess became more attentive. At least she deigned to rest her eyes on him now. But as he looked into those huge glassy lights, he shrank back like an urchin caught at thieving. He turned his head away hurriedly and lapsed into troubled reserve.

The Deaconess's eyes had now undergone a decided change. They grew bright and clear, and her tapering fingers, which she held artlessly before her breast, moved towards the buttered rusk, seized it and popped it in her mouth.

When the fat Hollander turned round again, the rusk had already been swallowed. At least the remnants of it were being ground up so imperceptibly between her teeth that it only seemed as if she were mumbling a prayer.

Fatty had no courage left to speak to her. But, open-mouthed and astonished, he now noticed the disappearance of the buttered rusk. Who could have taken it? Was it the devil or one of the men sitting opposite? Alarmed, he grasped at his coat-tail to see if the lump of butter he had put away was still there. He reassured himself — it was still there, suspended. He stroked it tenderly. He rose from his seat, to put it away securely.

Meanwhile the talk between the American and the Belgian had been resumed and had become more animated. The Belgian, holding his head between his hands, was blazing like a lamp wick that had been turned up too

high. "Yankee," he roared, "you are nothing but a big stiff."

"Thank you," said the bespectacled American, unmoved. "Have it your way. But the fact still remains that if we develop at all, it is only backwards."

"What about Russia?" asked the Dane watching the American's mouth, "does she not show progress?"

"Sure enough," answered the American, "revolution always does mean progress. It makes several million people happier for a period of years to come. But what of it? The earth somehow does not join in with us in these revolutions, and no human progress is capable of delaying the world's ultimate disruption."

The Dane only stared again, but the Belgian was becoming furious. "And that calls itself a revolutionary!" he bellowed. "Must man never revolt?"

The American glanced sideways. "I am an anarchist," he said softly. "I have told you that before. In my fight for liberty I use every available means. Even arms. But we are of the earth, earthy, and our power cannot rise above human strength."

The Dane suddenly recovered his speech and thought of an answer. "They've petrified your brain, my boy, petrified your brain," he laughed loudly. "The earth and its temperature, what have we got to do with it? We fight for our bit of life, and nothing else."

"Yes," yelled out Wryneck who had been watching a long time for a chance to join in the argument, "we fight for our bit of life. Haven't I had a hand in nearly all of the last coal strikes? We gave it to them, good and proper, until they scattered us with grapeshot like rabbits. And," he added, "let the milksop say what he likes, revolution is the greatest thing ever!"

The American had intended to answer the Dane, but said nothing. The others too kept silent. Meanwhile the women rose from the table.

The Jewess was the first to traipse out of the room,

followed by the long Englishman, whose eyes were sliding up and down her body, missing but little.

The Deaconess came trailing after him and was as usual a source of amusement. Then came the French Lady. Her head slightly bent, she was casting glances at the Belgian and the Dane. These two must have pleased her. Behind her slouched Korpslew.

Most of them were going upstairs. Only the German remained sitting at the table. He continued scooping up the jam and letting it melt down on his tongue.

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To go upstairs one had to pass the ship's galley. By a short passage one came first to a latticed lower deck, whence a steep climb led to the main deck. The wind turned to storm upon the open sea. It shouldered forward as though it sought to bring cloud and water together in one terrific crash. It swept mountainous seas before it and set them down careering over the ship and compelled the men to seek refuge on tall stanchions and the shrieking women to flee indoors.

"Will we have a storm?" Longlegs asked a sailor who had been staggering to and fro under a burden of hawsers and coiled rope.

"Ha!" the sailor shouted back, "ain't it storming enough for you? We are clapping down the hatches so you don't get flooded out."

"Here too?" the German asked anxiously, catching the hurrying seaman by his oilskins.

"Yes, tomorrow," he hiccupped back shaking off the German. "We first clap down the hatches where the big bugs are, they are more important than you bums."

The Dane and the Belgian tried to walk around the ship. They pushed on towards the stern, leaned over and caught a glimpse of the churning screw. Frothing and clattering it rose out of the water. But presently

the ship leaned over on her side, struck by a powerful sea which washed the inquisitive men splashing against the pilot house.

They were drenched up to their knees, had a good laugh over it and determined to wait for another wave. This soon came swooping down on them like a monster and bowed the vessel down so deep that they thought they were sinking. When the stern lifted again, they found themselves wetter than water rats, and shaking themselves, groped their way back and disappeared in the saloon.

This room was nothing more than a square box provided with tables and chairs. Here the passengers found themselves gathered together again. Some of them were standing at the windows and looking out upon the sea. The others stood in small groups talking. Only the Deaconess sat in a corner, alone, reading her book and maintaining the saintly appearance of her face.

To the left of her stood Wryneck and the American. Wryneck was trying to make the latter listen to reason. And always about the revolution. "Comrade," he was saying, his face almost touching the other man's spectacles, "we had an Irishman in our gang who was stronger than a horse. He could knock down any policeman with one blow, and every time he would do it he would yell out : "There goes another. Boys," he told us, "if I could only manage to knock down a dozen of them every day, there'd soon be an end to them, and we'd be free."

The American stepped back. "What good would that do? Killing people does not change anything. You will have to kill off all of the upper classes if you want to be free."

Wryneck who had edged up to them caught the last words. "Yes," he bawled and hit the American on the back, pal fashion. "There isn't one of them worth a cent. They hang on to us like leeches, drain us and

batten on us while we go on slaving ourselves skinny and hideous. ”

He was on the point of saying more, when he noticed the French Lady coming into the room. She turned slowly towards the window and looked out. He left the two men to themselves and shuffled over to her.

“Bad weather we are having,” he began, walked very close up to her and, overcome by the sense of fleshly proximity, dug his thumb into her side.

The French Lady shrieked, but did not run away and kept looking out at the window. Snow from the East was driving against the panes. It barred distant vistas and only water and the nearby billows were still to be seen. One felt by the vessel’s violent motion that the storm was increasing from minute to minute.

“Impossible to go out,” he said more warmly, ducked his head, and gave a still harder dig.

She seemed to realize by now that jabbing her in the side was Wryneck’s manner of displaying affection, but pretending not to be aware of his presence, continued looking out at the storm, her head and shoulders bobbing up and down before the window. This made him furious.

He pressed closer to her, threw up his stooping head, tried to touch her and rub his stubbly cheek against her face.

She shrank. But the chafing and tickling must have been more pleasing to her than the digging in the back. At least she did not draw her face back, but left it in contact with the harsh stubble, and even returned the intimate pressure.

It was funny to watch the two together. They looked so much like two tomcats rubbing against one another. Wryneck turned very red. The colour shot up from his fat neck, spread to the mouth and eyes, and ultimately reached up to his hair.

Suddenly, Longlegs, who had been watching the pair and their increasingly affectionate rubbing antics, came

up with a run and kicked Wryneck in the hollow of his knees.

Wryneck collapsed with pain. He staggered at first, but steadying himself presently, he swung back and hit the French Lady so violently that she bounced against the window like a ball.

She was more frightened, and more painfully frightened, than Wryneck. Her first thought was that the caresses of the telescoped Englishman were getting much too stormy and she had better escape them. But as she turned round and saw Wryneck dragging himself, all doubled-up, to a chair, and, at his side, Longleg's face gravely bending over him, she remained where she was. She had grasped the situation.

"John," Longlegs was saying, and it was impossible to know whether he was scolding or giving counsel, "are you hurt? You should not be doing such stupid things."

Apologetically he then turned to the woman, bowed politely and said: "And you, are you hurt, too? He is my brother-in-law, you see. My sister's husband."

The Belgian and the Dane, who had been sitting against a steam pipe, were now quite dry. The Belgian still had his feet propped up on the hot pipe, but the Dane had moved back, took some tobacco out of a yellow container and rolled a cigarette.

"Comrade," the Dane asked, "are you an anarchist?"

The Belgian scanned him obliquely. "Am I anything like Goggles?"

The Dane laughed. "Just the same, he is damned clever, that brother."

The Belgian pulled a face. "They are all clever, those Yankees," he growled. "I mean whatever it is they have been suckled on, sticks in them like sausage in the gut. I have yet to see one who has changed the least bit between birth and death."

"Comrade," the Dane asked again, "are you a syndicalist?"

The Belgian did not answer immediately. "I was," he said slowly. "We were all syndicalists in Antwerp. I had been working on the docks in those days. Now we are all socialists."

The Dane leaned back. "Yes," he began. "It is funny about socialism," he snapped sharply, "the nearer it is to realization, the more colorless it becomes."

"And where?" bleated the Belgian, surprised and sneering.

The Dane overlooked the sneer. "I can still remember my first socialist meeting. It was in Copenhagen. There were forty of us, all locksmiths, newly organized, fine fellows, straight as pines. Socialism — when we heard the word for the first time, it seemed as if we had at last understood the organ music we used to listen to in our old church. And," the Dane pulled himself up in his seat, "we spoke of socialism with greater unction than our lean parsons of their paradise."

The Belgian raised the pitch of his bleat. "That has been the experience of many greenhorns. They all liked to think that they would not have to work any more, and that the heavenly era had set in. As if nothing could be easier than to stand the world on its head."

"We had not been hankering after anything in particular," the Dane continued seriously. "When we began to organize we had a damned stinking time of it. We were all given the sack, to begin with. But it was a great time for all that. When we paraded, it was like taking the field against the capitalistic system of all Europe at once, and when we went on strike, the demand of a nickel's raise was nothing but bluff. We only wanted to find out how strong we could shape for the big struggle to come."

"No mistake, comrade," he went on, looking at the Belgian's sneering face, "we were good socialists."

Whenever they called us out, we never failed to crawl from our holes, all black and blue and smarting as we still were from the last beating we had received. And what have they made of us now? A labour union, a striker's club, if you please, a miserable, gelded mob."

The Belgian slowly took his feet off the steam pipe, spat out twice, and said stingingly: "They have made nothing of us. Nothing! But everything has changed the last twenty years. There is nothing peculiar about socialism. Nothing. It simply had to change as all things have changed. Damn it all! Anyhow," he said more resentfully, "what is eating you, things *are* going ahead, aren't they?"

"Comrade," answered the Dane, and his face wore a look of sadness, "I have dragged my carcass through Brazil and the Argentine, through Mexico, California, New York and Canada, and labor still starves in the streets everywhere. And the socialists," he paused a moment, "those that have work keep to themselves, and those who haven't lie on their bellies and wait for it."

"In Mexico too?" asked the big Scotchman who had moved up and listened. "Aren't the Reds in power there?"

"In Mexico," repeated the Dane, "things are not a bit better. The rich squat on their land, on their silver mines and live on the fat of the land now as before, and we, we are down on our hams in the cities just as poor and wretched as before the revolution."

The Scotchman laughed and slapped himself on the thigh. "Yes," he cried, "there they are, the workers and the socialists. They protect the State like dogs their master's house, and the more you whip them, the more devotedly they wag their tails."

"In the States things are at their worst," the Dane went on. "In the South they organize singing societies with dances every evening of the week. In the North

they organize banks and build crematories and write over the doors : " Long live Socialism! "

" How about Europe ? " inquired the Belgian, propping himself up.

" Europe! " blurted out the Scotchman, " there, you must admit, socialism has been realized. There they picked out the most stupid ones they could find in the nation, fattened up their bellies so that they were unable to look beyond them, sat them on the shaky thrones and these govern now in the name of the people. "

" Ha, ha! " he blurted out still louder, " and the stalwart socialists who half their lives had suckled at the dugs of socialism, shout hosannas and say, " Behold, it is done! "

" Yes, " broke in the Dane, shutting his eyes for a moment, " it is enough to turn your bladder. They govern in our name and in Democracy's name, they are fifty percent or one hundred percent socialists, but the people and the masses are worse off than ever. "

" Twaddle, " roared the Scotchman. Tell them the whole story, why don't you ? Their socialism got them to the bread basket alright enough. But once at the manger the old hoss got tired and had to take a rest. The rest agreed with him so well that he got fat on it; too fat to carry his man further! "

" What else can you expect ? " chimed in the German who with legs apart planted himself before the Scotchman. " Socialism has seen its day. I too have licked membership and employment stamps in my day and marched along in parades. Now I own my own carpenter shop in Baltimore and haven't any more use for that humbug. We all must try to get along in this world — and the only way to do it is by working and saving. If you are a nobody and haven't a thing to your name, socialism won't help you. "

The American and Wryneck had also got into a lively argument. Wryneck seized the American by his coat.

"Are you a revolutionary?" he asked, and jerked the resisting American almost off his feet. "Sure you are, maybe a rebel, a nihilist, an anarchist! You look it. I bunked with a guy like you once, and he belonged to the gang. That was about half way between Baltimore and Washington." Then he began to talk more hurriedly. "We had been working for three days, — working, bleeding in the sun. On a steam plow. The third day we quit. 'Our pay', said my buddy and put his paw out to the farmer. He spat on it. 'Pay,' he said, 'I hired you for the summer, not for three days.' So we went on working one more day. In the evening we up and cleared out, but not before we had plunged the plow in the water hole."

"Say," hissed Korpslew, who had come back to these two in the meantime, and listened to their talk, "we had the same kind of a guy in our gang. I was coal mining with him once. He was a little fellow, not very sharp, but he had a skull of iron. After our third strike we had to get back to the mine. It was a fool thing to do, because the bosses had twice before pulled the wool over our eyes. This fellow growled and said: "Not one of you must go below before tomorrow." But in the night he climbed down himself, put dynamite under the pump and blew it to hell. By evening the water had got up to the second level. But what do you suppose does the guy do next? Somebody says there is a horse down on the first level and it will sure drown if the water keeps rising. He climbs down as if there were seven lives to save below. And hell's bells he gets drowned for an old mare that was blind and lame, unfit for work, and would have to be killed the next day anyhow."

The American who had listened stiffly and reservedly, warmed up a little and joined in telling stories. "Oh," he said, "I know plenty fellows like that. We were in Texas once, and the police were on our trail. We stopped at a farmer's who asked us if we were fugitives.

KURT KLÄBER

There was no chance of a getaway as the frontier was guarded, so we said 'Yes.' 'Boys,' he answered, 'I used to be as bad as you, and the Chicago police were more scared of me than of a hundred of the likes of you.' Well he got us across the line. They tracked us down finally, but only after we were safe on the other side of the line. But they gave him a bad time afterwards. They burned down his house and shed, and when he came to, after the beating up they had given him, he was more dead than alive. We slipped back again four weeks later and were scared stiff at the sight of his beef-steak face. 'Oh,' he laughed, 'that's nothing. I got their goat, and that was worth the beating'."

Longlegs was still standing at the window. He was sullen and looked across to the French Lady from time to time. She stepped slowly over to the other side of the saloon and spoke to Finnick.

"A mixed crowd," said the young man, who was pulling with one hand nervously at his beard and with the other fumbling awkwardly at the table's edge for support.

The French Lady was studying him. She pursed her lips mockingly and then smiled at him. "I like such crowds," she answered with a twinkle in her eyes.

The beginning of the conversation between these two had a quieting effect on Longlegs. He now turned his eyes to the window on the third side of this huge wooden box. There he saw the Jewess who was wiping the fogged windows and staring through them.

Longlegs tried to look intellectual, wrinkled up his forehead, forced his shaded deep-sunk eyes out of their hollows and walked up to her.

The woman's rear view was hideous. It gave the impression of a small mounted globe, when she stood up. Her tiny feet upon which she turned and the overrunning dimensions forced upwards as if the better to maintain her balance, strengthened still more the effect she produced of a schoolroom globe pivoting upon its stand.

Longlegs moved noiselessly towards her, halting several feet away. He was looking down her back, taking in the curves of her hips. He lifted his head and gazed at the fat nape of her neck. His mouth seemed to be pushing forward and the nose sniffed the air as if it were scenting other things than garlic.

The Jewess felt the man's proximity and was draining the pleasure it afforded her to the dregs. She shifted about in her shapeless hips, snortingly filled her lungs with air until her dress strained and heaved in its seams, and then let herself collapse back, at least as far as her fulness permitted.

"Madam," said Longlegs, whom these movements had encouraged somewhat, and who touched her neck with one of his long well-groomed fingers, "it is a pleasure to meet you."

The Jewess turned her panting face towards him. She was very calm and looked at him without smile or challenge. She appeared somewhat critical, and contemplated his clean if wrinkled collar and his unpressed shiny jacket. Suddenly she fixed a sharp scrutinizing look on his eyes.

The Englishman became nervous under that examination. His lips began to sink downwards, his forehead, till now taut and drawn up, was falling into wrinkles, the eyes narrowed and grew dark with shadows. He had taken a step backwards.

The Jewess observed his nervousness and with two short steps she was at his side. She was not going to let him escape her and seizing him by the coat with her ring-covered fingers, and dragging herself up to his face, she asked: "What do you want with me? Tell me. Tell me plainly."

This attack made the Englishman still more nervous. He winced, his head swelled to a quadrangle shape. The challenge had come too suddenly. It shook him to his heart's depth, and he recoiled still further.

The Jewess now attempted to hold him with a show of greater friendliness. She turned her face to the left as far as her fat neck permitted, opened her large mouth and tried to smile. It was a terrifying smile. One saw the wide open cavern, a row of white teeth, and behind, like a serpent, wriggled a thick deep-red tongue.

The smile drove Longlegs to flight. He moved more rapidly, recovered by a jerk his habitual posture and joined one of the larger groups, where talking had become more animated and louder.

All excepting Fatty were now gathered into two groups. The French Lady and Finnick had joined the American — the Russian and the coughing Frenchman were listening to the Scotchman.

Fatty was sitting in a corner, his smallish, now somewhat bulging and reddened eyes fixed on the Deaconess, who was still engrossed in her book, pretending not to notice Fatty's ardent glances. But as often as he was about to rise and join the others, she would bestow on him a flashing look. This he would receive as a direct gift from heaven, would settle back bravely in the chair and patiently wait for the next favour.

HERMANN HESSE

THE SONG OF ABEL'S DEATH

(English version by Edward W. Titus)

*Abel lies dead in the grasses,
Brother Cain has fled.
A bird that from nearby passes
Dips beak in blood and flees in dread.*

*He flies to world's remotest ends
On weary wings, his shrieking rends
The peace in endless grieving :
He grieves for slender Abel, prone on face and stark,
Grieves for the sullen Cain and his soul's despair,
Grieves for his own young days beyond retrieving.*

*Now Cain will make the bird his arrow's mark,
Stir strife and war, spew death and spare
Throughout the land no village or city,
Will foes invent and slay without pity,
And, hating them and himself with savage
Hate, will grimly harass and ravage
Them and himself, till night blot out the world and Cain
Himself at last slink to his doom self-slain.*

*The bird flies on and on and from his blood-stained
[beak comes drifting
Down to earth's entangled tracks a death lament,*

HERMAN HESSE

*And Cain now hears, and Abel's mother, her face uplift-
[ing,*

*And multitudes hear it under heaven's tent.
But greater multitudes their ear refuse,
Ignore the crumpled Abel upon the path,
And Cain, and how his heart was borne down by wrath.
They will not hear of the wounds that ooze,
Or war but yesterday slunk from its hovels,
The war their wives now read about in novels.
To them, the wilful and the shallow,
The mighty and the callow,
There was no Cain or Abel, no death or crime,
There was no war, save as a 'glorious time'.*

*And when the moaning bird wings overhead,
They call him moulting mope and pessimist
(Which well may be his mental twist),
Themselves a race unconquered, of heroes bred,
And stoop for stones to shy at the lonely
Bird, or hire a band to drown his plaintive voice,
Lest it mar their daily dozen joys.*

*The bird with that one blood-drop only
Upon his beak goes wandering from place to place :
Always his dirge for Abel tolls on through space...*

ROBERT OBOUSSIER

THE TREND OF CONTEMPORARY GERMAN MUSIC

(Translated from the German by William Stewart)

Is it possible, when we are confronted by the manifold character of contemporary musical production in Germany, to speak of uniformity of efforts and tendencies? Is there even a standpoint from which, treating this multiplicity as one, we can consider it as the new music in Germany? Such a unification can only be reached by viewing its manifestations in a perspective, which eliminates many details from the ensemble and subordinates the peculiar to the common elements, so that the acts of the individual only appear as the embodiment of a style, as indications of a possibility. One thing is peculiar to all German music of the present generation : the fundamental rejection of the harmonic method which had predominated since the classical period, of vertical tone-sensation. For some years now a single new linear style has been in existence whether it expresses itself in traditional or revolutionary form, rhythmically or melodically, homophonically or heterophonically.

The two names which appear at the threshold of this new era are those of Arnold Schönberg and Ferruccio Busoni. These — the one an Austrian, the other a half-Italian — were the first who had something definitely new to oppose to the Romanticism of Mahler, Strauss, Pfitzner, and the remaining neo-German post-Wagnerites, as also to the romantic Classicism of Reger; in so doing they

finally directed music into new channels. Schönberg contributed to this end by forcing Wagner's art of expression to extremes along its own lines, and leading it on to a paroxysm of musical expressionism. Busoni (more influential and fruitful by his writing and adaptation than by his own musical creativeness), pointing back to Bach and Mozart, stressed anew the autonomy of pure music, and stood for the self-sufficiency of the play of musical forms. The whirl of time, which met with less resistance than might otherwise have been the case from tradition so fundamentally shaken as it was in all domains by the Great War, precipitated the crisis which had already dawned in music. Within the last ten years we have witnessed changes, transformations in this domain for which in quieter times whole generations would perhaps have been necessary.

The first symptom to be noted as of general occurrence in the post-war period was the complete abandonment of compositions on a large scale or with a wide scope and heavy orchestration : all at once it was realized that nothing but chamber-music was being written. In fact, it may be said that the musical events of the years 1922-1926 were enacted not, as previously, in opera houses or symphony concerts, but in intimate gatherings, where string quartets and other smaller pieces (as, for instance, wind-works of the chamber-music type) pointed the new way. To this period — during which the Prince zu Fürstenberg's annual summer musical festivals in Donaueschingen played a leading part — the most modern German school owes one of its most significant " discoveries " : Paul Hindemith. — This epidemic of chamber-music is not to be explained away as a phenomenon of merely sociological significance; a deep aesthetic impulse lies behind it : the deliberate abandonment of programme-music, the return to pure music. This new orientation has brought to fruition a new polyphonic style, which, as a reaction against the elementary harmonic expression-

istic art of the 19th century and pre-war period, appeals to a linear polyphonic tone-sensitivity, fallen since Bach into ever growing neglect, and with the disruption of tonality liberates new formative factors, both melodic and harmonic. The direct spiritual expression of the human individual — felt to be over-subjective — had to give way to the dynamic motor play of line and rhythm in this new music with its striving for objectivity; and there was a real danger that an art radically over-specialized in its concentration upon problems of musical form might become the business of a closed corporation, by losing every contact with life and the generality of the non-professional public, and degeneration into technical jargon and experimentation.

We see then that the protest against Romanticism had indeed purified music of non-musical, literary, dissolvent elements, and opened up for it new ways to an autonomous existence. But at the same time it had been driven into an exclusivism and state of isolation which imperilled it no less. Now that this music renounced spiritual expression as its aim, there remained to it one sole possible link with existence, if it was not to sink to the level of a craft or a science : vitality. The German music of to-day has developed this cult of vitality — a necessity for its artistic survival — under the influence of two factors : jazz and the youth movement (*Jugendbewegung*). Jazz had taken such firm root in the dancing of civilized societies, that it henceforward appeared impossible to maintain the sharp division between music-proper (*Kunstmusik*) and dance-music; indeed it seemed as though the day would come for taking up into music-proper all the fruitful elements of the new dance, i.e., its rhythms and its sensuous primitive appeal. There were several unsuccessful attempts towards such a synthesis of music-proper and jazz, e.g. Ernst Krenek's *Johnny spielt auf* by which many were dazzled and not a few scandalized, though without reason in either case, for the weak *Kunstmusik* of this

jazz-opera did not stand to gain or lose by the still weaker dance-music it contained; but we possess in Kurt Weill's *Dreigroschenoper* (Beggar's Opera), a resuscitation of Gay's work carried out in the contemporary spirit, the first representative composition of this type. Apart from the overture and two chorales, this music consists only of songs and modern dance-forms, but the "mellifluousness" inseparable from these was in this case treated by an artist in the big sense and charged with a daemonic power which raises this work far above the level of music-hall song and operetta.

The way to opera seems indeed to have been rediscovered, with and without jazz. One thing is characteristic of this new type of opera : the realism and even cynicism that belong to our own time. Even the strict Schönberg quits the solemn cothurnus of Symbolism and writes a satiric opera : *Von heut auf morgen*. That Hindemith should have composed his *Neues vom Tage* (News of the Day), is a matter of less surprise; we were indeed more astonished when some years ago he wrote his *Cardillac*, adapted from the most Romantic of all the *Tales* of the most Romantic of all the Romanticists : E. T. A. Hoffmann. A "Cadillac" would have seemed more characteristic of the musical protagonist of the "new objectivity" ("neue Sachlichkeit"!). Strangely enough, in this *Cardillac* a polyphonic "chamber-music" treatment, overshadowed by Johann Sebastian's orchestral technique, unites in the most problematic manner with the diluted expressivity of the Schönberg-Wagner melodic habit in the vocal parts. *Neues vom Tage* has attained an incomparably greater homogeneity. A dynamic quality of a purely linear order fully suffices as a formative force for the short duration of an "Overture," so as to make of it a brilliant cabinet piece. But it will not last as sole expressive-medium throughout a whole opera. As often with Hindemith here too his extraordinary "manual" facility becomes a danger : he writes so quickly

that there is no time for the blood to flow into his notes.

The *Wozzek* of Alban Berg, the pupil of Schönberg, deserves special mention. With his setting of the inspired drama of Georg Büchner, near brother to E. T. A. Hoffmann among German Romantics, Berg has created an opera that bespeaks equal inspiration. It is, as it were, a peak in the landscape to which Schönberg's *Pierrot lunaire* and Stravinsky's *Histoire du soldat* belong. No matter how far removed one may be from the musical language of Berg, it is difficult to remain insensible to the sure mastery of form and expressive power of this work. A similar fascination emanates from his *Lyrical Suites* for string quartet, whereas his recently performed Concertaria *Der Wein*, for soprano and orchestra, taken from the Baudelaire poems translated by Stefan George, seems as it were ice-bound — frozen into the rigid formulae of the Schönberg-school.

The second great force, which apart from jazz has exercised and is still exercising a decisive influence (in fact *the* decisive influence) upon the most recent musical developments in Germany — I mean the “youth movement” — has not yet had its final say. It is not here possible to consider at all closely the nature and history of this “youth movement” which began to take shape at the beginning of the present century. Suffice it to say that, like the Boy Scouts and yet very different from them, the movement sought to band youth together in a community of their own in the closest relationship with nature and far removed from, indeed opposed to, all that was false in bourgeois conventionalities. They sought to establish for themselves a new idealism which, unthinned by a process of ratiocination, should accompany them as an inalienable force through life. The idea was to live starting from a natural “naïve” simplicity, and all the time to affirm the “living,” i.e., that which has a truly vital or soul-given impulse and urge behind it. The spiritual, treated as “intellectual” and thereby misun-

derstood, was long proscribed. After going through numerous phases, the "youth movement" finally penetrated into school and university. And it is here that we find its fruition among music-scholars, for whom, thanks to a sharpened feeling for simplicity and sense of vital plenitude, born of this movement, contact with the music of the old pre-classical masters i.e. of the Gothic and Renaissance periods, was to take on the character of a fresh, immediate and intimate experience. Almost every German University possesses to-day its *collegium musicum*, where the students cultivate this type of music both vocally and instrumentally. The works of a Josquin des Prés, a William Byrd, a Heinrich Schütz, to mention only these, were all deeply anchored in the religious and social life of the community of their day. They were created for ecclesiastical or sociable ends. The newly awakened sense of community among German youth is responsible for the desire for spontaneous concerted expression in music also : in a word, community singing.* Fritz Jöde deserves to be mentioned more particularly for his contribution to this community singing, and the creation of a new Volksgesang. He is not only helping towards a new musical education of youth by means of folk-song and the works of the aforementioned old masters, but is also inspiring the young composers to the creation of a new *Gebrauchs-musik* or music for everyday use. The new singing community is to be supplied with an actual and adequate medium of expression; and contemporary music, rescued from a period of extreme individualism, is to take root anew in the life of the community. Hindemith was one of the first to take an interest himself in these efforts; and we may say that "community₁₁music" is the focus-point

*Strictly so understood this "gemeinsame Singen" does not imply uproariousness, the sonant hilarity and mere blatancy of the "Froth Blower".

(Translator's note).

of interest in Germany to-day. The obvious requisites for such music are simplicity and sensuous appeal. Schonberg's twelve-tone scale and the over-differentiated chromatics of a song-remote music in its essence instrumental, is of little use here. The limits set to human song cannot be overcome; and it is from human song, the source and origin of all music, that the revival of the art is to be expected.

Now that human singing again occupies a central position, the *word* also takes its place once more in the list of formative factors. But the word no longer takes the leading place, as in Romantic music; it rather becomes a mere background, in fact almost a mere pretext for music-making. This, too, is claimed to be the practice of the old masters; but it is perhaps too readily forgotten that with them the word was never degraded to the point of losing its expressive content and essential spirituality.

Since "feeling" is still sternly proscribed, our contemporaries are most successful in such work as definitely aims at providing a pastime and nothing more; but even here childlike and childish are not infrequently confused. There are the so-called "Hörspiele", transmitted by wireless, which by means of noises-off and a reciter or recitative choir aim at reproducing an action perceptible to ear alone, representing as it were an acoustic pantomime. Not a few of these might be charming if the humour they claim to contain were present in reality. — A second new genre which owes its existence to community music is the "Lehrstück," a kind of didactic cantata on a given theme, e.g. *The Lindbergh Flight* by Kurt Weill, or *Vom Wasser* by Ernst Toch, both from librettos by Bert Brecht, the adapter of the *Beggar's Opera*. And Weill, again in collaboration with Brecht, finally wrote a school-opera: *Der Jasager*, from a Japanese sketch, which if not a realisation deserves to be noted as a work pregnant with promise.

The easily sung choruses, arias and ensembles are

intended for school performance as is the case with all these works; the same is true of the correspondingly handled orchestral score. The tone-language, apart from a few modern liberties in melody and harmony, is restricted to the clearest tonalities, which radiate a young fresh early-morning quality, and the crispness of the linear, rhythmical "polyphono-melodic style." The approximation to the Volkslied character, which we found earlier in Gustav Mahler, though there with a sweetness that savoured of the over-ripe, suggests great possibilities of new spiritual expression. The texts, too, of these *Lehrstücke* and school operas contain within them similar potentialities, although primarily they are simply manifestations of the new "community" ideal.

The decisive step, the step which is to bring us to the new music of man in his essential being, still remains to be taken. At the beginning of the *Jugendbewegung* the significance of such a step had already been recognized and Anton Bruckner was not improperly honoured as precursor and patron-saint. The question now arises : has this consciousness of the ultimate necessity of the individual in his essence (of the individual as an indispensable *datum*) been lost during the turmoil of the musico-sociological preoccupations of recent years ? Is our age to build no monument of sound that shall outlive the day ?

NOTES ON GERMAN CONTRIBUTORS :

THOMAS MANN — the recent recipient of the Nobel Prize for literature, was born at Lübeck the 6th of June 1875, the son of a grain merchant and member of the Senate of the Free State. His mother, Julia Bruhn da Silva, was a Brazilian of Creole extraction. Thomas Mann's school days were marked by one scholastic failure after another. In order only to be well rid of him, he himself freely relates, the school authorities issued to him the final certificate, at the age of 19, entitling him to the privilege of One Year Volunteer in active army service. His teachers, worthy and sapient members of a venerable institution of learning, disliked him heartily and prophesied a sorry end to his career. In 1894 he had taken a position of a sort in a bank at Munich which he held but a short time. He left subsequently for Italy. After a year's stay at Rome, he returned to Munich, blackened by the Italian sun, hungry looking, almost in rags, and in 1899 he became editor of the *Simplicissimus*, to which he contributed many of his first short stories.

Buddenbrooks established Thomas Mann's fame as a novelist and was published when the author was twenty-six years of age. Within less than a year followed *Royal Highness* and *Death in Venice*. Then came *The Magic Mountain*, Thomas Mann's great attempt, probably not uninfluenced by Proust, at — it is difficult to resist the slangy Americanism — “debunking” (*Entfabelung*), the hitherto traditional form of the novel. His last published work of fiction is *Mario and the Magician*. It would not be surprising if *Joseph and his Brethren*, projected on a vast biblical canvas, on which Thomas Mann is now engaged, were to prove his most masterly achievement. We are proud, indeed, to have the privilege of publishing a chapter from that work in progress in this issue of THIS QUARTER, as we are equally proud to have Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's superb translation of it.

Thomas Mann is the author also of innumerable essays, and two of these, as yet unpublished even in German, one on the Cinema, the other on Tolstoy, we have secured for THIS QUARTER, to appear in 1931.

HEINRICH MANN, by four years, is his brother's senior having been born in 1871. The more prolific writer of the two, he is

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scarcely known in translation to English and American readers. Unless we are much mistaken only one of his novels, *Mother Mary* has so far been translated into English, having been recently published in America. We believe *Felicitas*, printed in the present issue of THIS QUARTER to be the first short story by Heinrich Mann published in English.

Das Wunderbare, Heinrich Mann's first volume of short stories, was published in 1897 and is but little known. This was followed by a full size novel, *Im Schlaraffenland*, 1900; *Die Göttinnen* appeared in 1902; two years later *Die Jagd und die Liebe*; then *Flöten und Dolche*, *Stürmische Morgen*, *Das Herz*, *Die Rückkehr von Hades*, *Der Unterthan*, etc., etc., till, 1927, we were given *Mutter Maria*, his first novel translated into English, and 1928, *Eugenie oder die Bürgerzeit*.

Heinrich Mann has written several plays : *Variété*, *Die Schauspielerin*, *Die Grosse Liebe*, *Madame Legros*, *Weg zur Macht* and *Das Gastliche Haus*.



STEFAN GEORGE's career as a published poet dates from 1890 when he was twenty-two years of age. He is a Rhinelander, having been born at Bingen, the son of a wine-grower, whose given name Etienne is also the son's, germanized into Stefan. His pronounced affection for the French poets is well known and he visited France repeatedly. His own countrymen, much as in the case of Heine, filled him on occasions — shall we say — with impatience, "his gorge rising at all they would praise and practice, and he made merry at their gods as they at his."

Stefan George's collected works are being published by George Bondi, Berlin, and will consist of 18 volumes when completed. He is also an inspired translator of foreign poets into his country's language which his genius has enriched with an unwonted sonority. Of English poets he had done Shakespeare, Rossetti and Swinburne; of the French, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud, de Régnier as well as the two Americans writing in French, Francis Vielé-Griffin and Stuart Merrill. He translated copiously from Dante and d'Annunzio, and from the Polish poet Wacław Rolicz-Lieder.

Of Stefan George's poems rendered in this issue of THIS QUARTER *The Siren* bears the earmarks of adolescence and is taken from his "Primer" (*Die Fiebel*) which, by his own confession, contains the "unformed puppets" of his early period. The

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other poems are representative of his later work and have been taken from *Das Neue Reich*, vol. IX of the collected works.

* * *

ALFRED DÖBLIN, born 1870 at Stettin, started out in life as a practicing physician. His first excursion into fiction was in the form of a short story of a psychopathic character: *Die Ermordung einer Butterblume*, 1913. Two years later he published a Chinese novel: *Die drei Sprünge der Wang-lun*. Followed *Wadzeks Kampf mit der Dampfturbine*; *Wallenstein*; *Berge, Meere und Giganten*; finally *Berlin Alexanderplatz* which we understand is in process of translation and should soon be obtainable in English.

* * *

RENÉ SCHICKELE, of Alsatian origin, born in 1883, began his literary career as a poet. *Pan, Ritt ins Leben*, and *Weiss und Rot* are the result of his lyric period. His first adventure as a novelist was *Fremden*. This was followed by *Meine Freundin Lo*. His last book *Symphonie für Jazz* tells the story of a musician, John von Maray. Angelica is a chapter taken from that book and Mr. René Schickele has been good enough to alter it somewhat for publication in THIS QUARTER in order that it might bear the more sustained aspect of a short story.

* * *

HERMANN HESSE was born in 1877 at Calw, Suabia. His first published book was *Romantische Lieder*. His output since has been chiefly prose. The best known of his novels is *Steppenwolf*, a characterization of two souls, the divine and diabolical.

* * *

The editor regrets that he has been unable to procure in time for insertion in this place any personalia concerning Mr. Kurt Kläber, the author of what is probably the first "proletarian" novel in the German language: *Passagiere III Klasse*. *Steerage* appearing in the present issue of THIS QUARTER consists of sections IV and V of that book. These have been chosen at random as illustrating the character of the book rather than any superior merit over other sections of the book.

The author has prefaced his book with the following note: "Thirteen workmen and three women are fellow passengers on board ship during a seven days voyage. 'Steerage' represents an almost stenographic transcript of their conversations and actions." We understand that the book has been submitted to publishers in America and declined. To our mind it merits publication in English.



St. Labre, woodcut, by *Jean de Bosschère*

JEROME BLUM

NIPPED IN THE BUD

When a boy is thirteen years old, he isn't very sophisticated even if he is wearing his first pair of long pants, and if he is sensitive a new pair of long pants doesn't add to his ease. He probably stands in front of a mirror and thinks himself pretty ridiculous. The other kids josh him, and he doesn't know just how to take it, or just what to think about it, anyway. From now on he's a young man — not a boy anymore, and must start acting grown up. Mysteriously disturbed by this sudden call to manhood, there are many things he tries to figure out.

In my own case I had just reached the age of thirteen. I had received my first long pants a week before my birthday, and there were many things I couldn't figure out. One of them, which I mentioned to no one, was the fact that this was the first birthday of my life on which I had not been given a present by my parents. All through the morning of that day I felt heavy, remaining mopey and hurt. I didn't have my lessons right, I was vague and far away when spoken to in school, and at last, the teacher, Miss Bird, called me up to her desk.

"Why don't you keep your mind on your work, John? I want you to pay attention to your studies, otherwise you will stay here after school to have a couple of hours of discipline. You may go back to your seat now."

At lunch time mother wasn't home and in the evening

nothing was said, nor at night, and the next day came on as usual. No one had said a word about the advent of my birth and I said nothing either.

Just a few months before my birthday another incident happened. My sister was then just eight years old, and whenever father and mother went to the theatre or to visit, we two slept in the same room together, as she was afraid to be alone, and mother didn't want her to be frightened. We would go to sleep in the same bed until my parents returned, when I would be awakened and sent to my own room. One night I heard my father say to my mother.

"I don't want him sleeping with his sister," and from that time on we slept alone, I in my room, she in the large bed in the adjoining front room, from which we would talk to one another through the door. There was something about my father's voice that affected me and set in motion strange questionings. It had its effect on my sister, too. We never spoke about it, but she, too, must have wondered why we were separated.

Just about this time my brother was attending a military academy in Indiana, and was home on his first vacation. I was very proud of him in his neat grey uniform, tight fitting and drawn in at the waist, and his military cap with its stiff patent leather peak, with the initials of the school embossed on the cap in gold braid. He was older than I and now he was in military school out in the state of Indiana. This seemed far off and privileged, so I asked him one day if he wouldn't come back to school with me, so I could show him off. The same teacher he had two years before was now my teacher. She would be glad to see him. She often spoke of him, what a well-mannered, good boy he was. All he had to do was walk through the hall with me in the morning and she would see him and talk to him — and so would the children — they would see him too, I thought. That made me something, having a brother in uniform, like that.

Well, that evening he promised me he would. He wouldn't mind seeing Miss Bird again, so the next morning we went together, and as we walked down the hall, there was Miss Bird. We walked right up to her, brother having his hat in his hand.

"Why, Arthur, isn't it nice to see you here?" she said smiling at him. They spoke a few other words while I stood back, taking it all in. The children were trooping into the class-room. They all looked at my brother.

"Well, it's good to have seen you, Arthur," I heard her repeat, while he stood at attention, looked into her eyes and gave her his hand, saying,

"It's nice to be back," then turned away military like, without looking at me, and walked down the hall to the foot of the stairs.

This little incident filled me with a great deal of pride — to get such nice feeling from the teacher and have all the children look at my brother like that, but this nice feeling didn't last long. I was alone — pretty much alone. My brother was away again. The words I heard father say to mother about my sister changed things. Somehow it stopped a source of love for me. I felt that something unknown in me, something probably bad in me, was discovered by my father, and I began to feel guilty, hurt and ashamed about whatever it was.

At about this time I had as a tentative pal a boy three years older than myself, whose name was Charlie Sanford, a tall, lanky, good-looking blond Swede or maybe Norwegian. He had a girl, but had been in some trouble about her. It was rumored that his father had to pay five hundred dollars to her father to get him out of trouble. At that particular time I didn't know him so well, but two years later I got to know him pretty intimately, and we were often together. He was going to be an inventor and monkeyed a lot with electricity and electrical things. His whole basement was filled with jars and bells and

batteries wired in, and out, all along and over the walls, fitted up with push-buttons, things that sparked and buzzed and spat constantly when he set the thing in motion. To me it was all very mysterious, but one of the things that brought Charlie and me together after he got into trouble, was a girl in our class we both happened to like : Dawn Osgood. Dawn was the brightest girl in school, getting the highest marks month after month, and at the end of the year she was the honor student and stood at the head of the class. She was a soft-spoken, gentle, blue eyed, flaxen haired girl of twelve, a year younger than myself. There was something alluring about her — maybe it was her quiet pride — a pride in herself, always gently alive with a subdued merry sense of life — always erect in carriage, with her young healthy body softened through the evenness of her ways, and adorned by the freshest, by the daintiest of spotlessly laundered dresses.

Now I liked Dawn and I liked Charlie, too. I think I liked Charlie, because he thought Dawn was nice but young — too young for him, and he didn't pay much attention to her, but I did. I used to buy her bags of candy. First I started by offering her a bag of chocolates one day. She reached in the bag and took out one little almond covered with chocolate, and we stood around and I said, "Take another, take a lot," but she only took two more and said they were good and thanked me. Then she went away. I wanted to give her the whole bag. In fact I had it on my lips to say: "Take the whole bag," but I just couldn't say it, so after that, whenever I saw her, I had a bag of candy ready. In fact, now I only bought candy with the idea that I would see her and give it to her. One day I went into the confectioner's — the store that all the children from our neighborhood had to pass — it was right before you came to the school house — and bought a dime's worth, and then came out waiting for her to pass. As she came along I

walked up to her. "Hello Dawn. I just got some gum drops. Do you like 'em?"

"Oh yes, I do," she said, looking at the bag.

"Well, just take the whole bag— I've had some."

"Oh, thank you ever so much."

"Oh, that's all right,"... but before I knew it she was walking away. I wanted to say something else to her, but there she was, walking away, on to school.

Well, I felt pretty foolish. I thought she could have said something else and stayed awhile. Maybe I wouldn't have known what to say to her even if she had stayed. I guess I just wanted her to be seen there, standing with me. Now I felt pretty cheap. I didn't dare to look around, and immediately went back into the candy store and bought a pencil I didn't want— a slate pencil to boot. I was wondering if Charlie Sanborn was around. I hoped he didn't see that. Well, I went to school, but couldn't think of anything else. The whole thing wasn't very successful; but the next afternoon, upon going home, we were on the same side of the street, so we walked along together about four feet apart, looking at one another as we walked, and talking about things about how pretty soon we were going to have vacation and what we would do during the summer. As we were nearing home a sprinkling wagon came around the corner, spraying the street right up to the curb. I saw it first and quickly took hold of her arm,

"Look out for the spinrkler, Dawn."

"Oh, thanks, John," she said.

She had never called me by name before, and this was the first time I had ever taken hold of her arm. Till now I hadn't even touched her. I started to become expansive and became a little warm. We walked on, right up to her house, in silence, she in the middle of the sidewalk and I near the curb. When we reached her house she said, as if she had been reflecting about it:

"You've never met my mother, have you?"

"No, I haven't," I admitted somewhat sheepishly.

"You ought to meet her. She's awfully nice," at the same time looking up at her house. Now we both stood looking at the house. Then she said,

"Well, I've got to go up. Some day you'll meet my mother. Good-by."

I turned about and walked around the corner, one block to my house, wondering how I would meet her mother and when I would see her again. I might walk by there to-night, I thought. Yes, I would walk by there to-night and meet her mother. Somehow I began thinking of Charlie, and remembered all that talk of his getting that girl into trouble, and his father having to pay five hundred dollars. That was pretty disturbing and I began wondering about him and thinking he wasn't so good—not good enough for Dawn, anyway. With my taking her by the arm and her asking me if I had ever met her mother a whole set of nice warm feelings came in upon me, but there was something uncomfortable about it, too. I had never spoken much to girls, and no girl had ever asked me if I had met her mother. What had I done to meet her mother? I had pretty bad deportment marks at school. I felt strange, anyway. For one thing I began thinking of changing my family. Dawn was all alone, too, and had no brother, and now I knew we liked each other. There were a lot of things we could do together. I remember as I looked up at her house I must have been thinking something like that. I had become afraid of father, and often my mother had called me a little savage or a bull in a china closet, and a number of times had said I was ugly. Often I felt sad—inadequate and fierce. I was ugly of face and held my head way over to one side, which made others call me "crooked neck." I had been sent away from school any number of times and Dawn knew it, and every summer I was sent away to my grandmother's, and yet, here was something new and sweet and strangely differ-

ent—the way Dawn looked at me when she asked me about her mother. There was something warm, inviting, and real, and when we both hesitated and looked up there was a kind of moment of desire—like a wish-pact—a childish fantasy wish-pact that seemed to come from something lonely on her part, too—something girlishly lonely that flooded my being with new desires.

That evening after dinner I strolled over to Dawn's house, thinking the family would be out on the porch, but there wasn't a soul. I had just turned the corner, and from across the street I could see the entire front of the house. No one was sitting behind any of the windows—the place was perfectly still—surely they had all gone away—so I went back to our house. All the next day I didn't see her, and the following day was Sunday.

At that time we had a boarder who occupied the large room on the second floor, in the back of the house, facing the west. There was a large roll-top desk in the room, that I had often seen him sitting at writing. On this particular Sunday morning I had heard him tell the maid that he would be away for a few days, returning on Wednesday. Mother and father were asleep. Our boarder had walked out of the house with his bag and after a while, when I was sure he had gone, I tiptoed into his room. Slowly closing his door after me and slowly, very slowly and carefully turning the key, I locked the door. Walking to the desk I turned back the roll-top, and there, in pigeon holes, were various kinds of writing paper. I took a few plain lavender sheets and started writing to Dawn.

The night before, in bed, I had thought I couldn't stand it any longer without seeing her. Where had she been? I had been over to her house any number of times, and late in the afternoon I went up and tried the door. I rang the bell. I wanted to leave a note. I wanted to see her. I began thinking of my mother. I once heard her say: "All the world loves a lover." She

had said it to my father. Well, I began to think, that's what's happening to me—I must be in love with Dawn. So now I sat down, starting with: "Sweet Dawn," and wrote her a very long note telling her all about it and what I felt. The truth was that I had never before written to a girl in all my life, and that I hoped when we grew old enough she would marry me—that I felt I could live with her always, and that I would like to make a picture of her, and we could keep this a secret between us until the day we were married. Eight years wasn't so long to wait, and they went pretty quickly—that I would get some sort of work as soon as I was out of school and... Here I was suddenly, startlingly interrupted.

I thought I heard footsteps out in the hall. Swiftly opening the drawer, I slipped the lavender sheets way to the back, pushed in the drawer and quietly pulled down the top of the desk. Now stepping cat-wise to unlock the door, I saw the knob being turned. I watched the white porcelain knob moving back and forth. Quietly I went forward and unlocked the door. At the same time father was knocking and calling my name. I stepped back a few feet and he entered. Pushing open the door, father stood, looking at me as if I were some unhealthy apparition, now with a troubled, lost and questioning stare, now looking suspiciously about the room. He fixed me again with his eyes:

"What are you doing in here?"

"Nothing."

"You're doing nothing and with the door locked? Why did you have the door locked if you're doing nothing?"

I became pale and nauseated. I was looking at him with frightened, starey eyes. The lowered quality of his voice, the menace of his large, heavy body, the steady, accusing, listening look in his dark brown eyes wilted me.

"What are you doing in Mr. Rheingold's room?"

"I... I was writing a letter."

"Writing a letter and with the door locked? And to whom are you writing a letter?"

No answer.

"Well, who are you writing a letter to? Now I warn you, you had better answer me."

"To a girl."

"To a girl?" throwing his head back and watching me in utter amazement. "To a girl!!? Show me the letter."

There was nothing else for me to do but to show father the letter. I went to the desk, pushed back the roll-top, opened the drawer, fumbled and reached way back till I found the various lavender sheets. Father took them from my hands with a baffled look that I had never before seen on his face. He stood there, slowly reading the letter, while I with drooping body watched him. He was nodding his head up and down as he read and with his free left hand was making wavy, hopeless gestures as if his world were coming to an end. Finally, when he had read it all through, he turned the sheets over to see if there was anything on the other side. Then raising his face he looked at me, nodding his head in my direction.

"So you've got a girl? And you tell her you love her and want to get married— Hmm— and you've put it all down in writing— in black and white? Well, now, you just wait, I'll show this to your mother."

He walked out of the room, down the hall with the sheets in his hand. He was gone about five minutes, while I stood looking at the two open windows and the door, thinking of escape. Over on the mantelpiece stood a figure of a small man— a black, iron figure of a Chinese priest in long, flowing robes, with the palms of his hands placed together in an attitude of prayer. I kept looking at that until both my father and mother came back into the room.

"Well, you see mother, there he is. He's got long

pants on. He's in love. Just look at him— look at him..."

Now they both looked at me without saying a word.

"Just listen to this," and my father read the whole letter aloud. I noticed that mother was confused and embarrassed by it all, but father kept right on reading and when he was through he turned to me.

"Don't you know that with a letter like this you could be sued for breach of promise? Don't you know that in a few years you could be sued for writing a letter like this?"

I stood listening, petrified at the way he looked, at the expression on his face, not even knowing what it meant. It must be something terrible, I thought. That's what Charlie Sanborn got in trouble about, I guess.

"Don't you know that you could disgrace your father and mother and get us both into trouble? Don't you know you must always be careful of what you write in a letter? And I want to tell you, the only good thing about this letter is that it hasn't been sent..." And so saying, he tore the whole thing up into bits. One thing I noticed was that mother wasn't impressed. She had already walked out of the room, calling after her :

"Come on, Pa— leave him alone."

Father took the bits of paper with him, and closing the door, left me alone. In a few minutes I heard him calling:

"Get out of Mr. Rheingold's room..." and finally, when I came out, he called, "And don't ever let me see you in that room again."

WALTER LOWENFELS

LINES FOR LAWRENCE

*O Phoenicians
sailors from Tyre
ghosts of ships that haunt these ports
you who sought death in strange lands
among the people of the forest and on northern shores
here is another whose spirit
moves through slow afternoons of Riviera chatter
and Roman teas
a spirit of familiar death in odd places
walking newly among the villas and the flowers
and through the chips*

Faites vos jeux Faites vos jeux

*But he wins in an integrity.
His being is a star that lifts a tide
and sings
its own requiem
sweeping in one undying crest
the elegy's endless wave.*

WALTER LOWENFELS

MINUET

*All these dapper ladies
will be pirouetting then in Hades? .*

*Not one will remain
with whom emperors and serfs have lain?*

*Bodies clear as snow —
cool as cedars — sweet as new hedgerow —*

*will they all be frozen
statuettes — meeting David's dozen*

*concubines — bowing
gravely — turning, where no music's playing?*

*Ladies, you will charleston
everywhere. Scent your fingers — don*

*your loveliest apparel;
though you'll dance in parks where no birds carol*

*to no audience
of Pan nor faun, you will win a Prince*

*with your dimpled knees,
and your figures, and your curtsies.*

*You shall be his bride,
lying nights and nights at His dark side.*

HENRY CARGILL SPRIETSMA

STOWAWAY

L'intérêt parle toutes les sortes de langues, et joue toutes sortes de personnages, même celui de désintéressé.

Réflexions ou sentences et Maximes morales.

The best antidote I can recommend to you hereafter against the disheartening effect of such writings as those of Rochefoucault, Mandeville, and others, will be to look at the pictures of Raphaël and Correggio.

Advice to a Schoolboy.

We had been flying for a day and a night when one of the officers discovered me.

You can imagine the scene. The passengers rushed to the commander's door; there they stood breathlessly in line, passing each word to the rear, like wooden soldiers in review. When the sentence was pronounced, they toppled over.

Below us, those desolate wastes which separate Europe from Asia. The crew seated me on a stool, laced me into a jacket and pulled the cord.

■
* *

I landed in a fertile valley whose slopes were covered with spikenard, galangal and ginger, and where vineyards and mulberrytrees abound along the road.

An araba, drawn by four superb white oxen, was passing. I motioned the driver to stop and questioned him; unfamiliar with my language, a nutbrown girl, dressed in silk embroidered with gold, opened the tent covering the cart and replied.

Daughter of the king's counsellor, discreet as Nausicaa, she excused herself for not offering me a place beside her, and pointing the way to Tartarina, assured me, that if I found her pleasing, we should meet again.

At the sound of American, which they readily distinguish from English, the gatekeepers, who had been informed of my arrival dispensed with all formalities except those which it is a pleasure to observe. A courier had been dispatched in haste to the Prefect, who now arrived and joined us in the refectory. After the customary bread, wine and repose, we were driven in state to the palace.

The king was overjoyed. "How!" he exclaimed, "you have come all this way for our Tartar-American holiday." And his court fell upon their crowns, for they have been taught that we are the outward and visible sign of divine favour. The manner of my arrival having thus created the illusion that I was official observer to the afternoon ceremony, I said nothing to disabuse them of this pleasant conceit.

* * *

The news of my singular mission spread so rapidly that I had no sooner reached the apartment reserved for me than my telephone rang.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

Under the circumstances I was only too glad to receive. The valet opened the door and my caller approached like Carrière's Christ coming into focus.

"I'm Dr. Cud," began my visitor, handing me his

card, "Chairman of the Reception Committee; I hope you will forgive my calling at this hour, but as I was going by, I saw the crowd downstairs and thought there must be something going on. When I learned all about it, I thought I'd come in right away, so as to be sure to find you."

"It's very kind of you, Mr..."

"CUD, Dr. Casius Cud, the most active member of the American colony... I've been working on this affair for years, and you can't imagine all the trouble I had making them see my idea, but I..."

The telephone drowned out the rest and our conversation was interrupted by a second visitor. At the sight of this rather sanguine gentleman, Dr. Cud rose, nodded, and took my hand in both of his.

"I know how busy you will be, sir, but remember what I've said, and if you need local colour for your speech, Casius Cud is at your service."

But instead of going, Dr. Cud walked over to the window.

"I'm glad to see you, Stranger," began my sanguine intruder, "guess you don't remember Brown? Used to lobby for Dekker, Piet 'n ko; airbrakes for babycabs; that's what took me round the globe, until I landed in this burg, and I've been here ever since. It's getting to be a great place and I hope you'll like it." After having thus sold me Tartarina and a babycab, Mr. Brown proceeded. "So you're going to inaugurate our old House today. It's good business sending you fellows out like that, and you can tell the Senator I'm for it. And I want to tell you one thing—we're putting America on the map over here. Take this House, it's got a sample of every interesting article you can imagine, and thanks to me, President of the American Brothers of..."

Before I had been able to offer Mr. Brown a chair, the valet announced Mr. Baytree.

"Don't mind me, *Bytree*," continued Mr. Brown as

a tall gentleman with a monocle entered. But Mr. "Bytree's" presence calmed Mr. Brown, who walked towards the window where I heard him exclaim: "Well, if here ain't Dr. Cud."

Mr. Baytree completely ignored Mr. Brown and Dr. Cud, and sat down without invitation.

"Perhaps the political importance of our efforts has not been sufficiently pointed out at home," declared Mr. Baytree bending forward, the cavity under his left eyebrow almost swallowing up his monocle. "Now I have always insisted that we are generous by nature, but there's nothing like a concrete example to convince the world. This is the point, sir, I have emphasized all the way along, and which I wish you would bring out."

"It's after twelve; what do you say we have some lunch," interrupted Mr. Brown. "I've got a table at the Club."

Dr. Cud had an engagement and Mr. Baytree pretended not to hear. I replied I should like to rest as my voyage had been rather strenuous.

"She was fast but rough, was she," said Mr. Brown as he wrung my hand. "Well, wait 'till we get to makin' em, we'll take the wrinkles out of the air."

* * *

It is no exaggeration, nor lack of respect to my hosts, to say I was glad to be alone. That I would have enjoyed the applause of a popular welcome I will not deny, but that I had any intention of securing honours under false pretenses, I hope you will believe, was far from my wishes. How could I publish the truth in this matter without great inconvenience to my hosts? This is the question I was trying to answer when my carriage was announced. I should have pleaded fatigue, my appearance (although they had supplied me with a fitting uniform), anything to avoid going into public, but my

embarrassment left me incapable of the necessary decision. It was too late.

From the crowds of people going in our direction I realized the importance of the holiday. We arrived by a splendid avenue upon a large esplanade, in the center of which rose a miniature skyscraper, that is a building of some twelve storeys, but giving the impression of your modern constructions. Turning about this edifice, we fell into line and drew up before a stand at the entrance.

The Prefect, who had met me at the refectory in the morning, showed me to a seat behind the royal box, on the left of the Minister of Different Affairs. The arrival of the king gave the signal for the national anthem and when he had taken his seat, he reviewed a multitude of children carrying American and Tartarin flags. This gave the tone to the occasion. When the review was over, the king rose and blessed the building. The band then played again, and he returned to his carriage, for custom forbids the monarch's listening to a minister. During the confusion which followed I saw Dr. Cud, Mr. Brown and Mr. Baytree pressing towards us, but as we were surrounded by ambassadors, generals and prelates, they were unable to approach. This was the prelude to what I dreaded most, for it was time to speak.

The Minister's voice restored order. I strained every nerve to hear, trying to shape my reply.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the Minister, "we have come together to dedicate to the service of humanity this magnificent monument, which represents the peaceful endeavours of a great and powerful people we are glad to call our friends.

"This monument is symbolical of your industry and therefore it is meet and right you should build it in this city of peaceful enterprise."

He bowed for approval, beamed upon us and continued.

"No sacrifice is too great for your nation: money, food, blood, you hesitate at none."

HENRY CARGILL SPRIETSMA

He made a movement as a planter sowing corn, and leaving his palm open towards the heavens, pointed at us with all his fingers. This had a great significance, for as he brought his closed fist to his heart, these words were greeted by a thunder of applause in which I joined although the meaning escaped me.

"No, selfish interests do not dictate the policies of great nations", cried the orator; "America has proved it for us all and will prove it again. Today we are united by a common effort to realise for mankind a new ideal. This palace is an eloquent witness of our cooperation. It is destined to commemorate the past and is a promise for the future."

He turned to a little old man on his right, whose brown business suit should have called him to my attention, had I been less absorbed.

"If the idea was ours", he said, bowing, "the realisation is yours, and in this very collaboration lies our future. America appreciates the possibilities, Mr. Carrows, for she has sent us her approval in her own practical and original way."

There was an ominous silence as he turned to me, and it seemed I heard the heartbeats of Dr. Cud, Mr. Brown and Mr. Baytree. If this was the moment I should have replied, fortune deserted me, for all I could do was half rise and bow. The Minister then returning to Mr. Carrows, in whom I thought I recognized a banker of some reputation at home, concluded.

"I take great pleasure therefore in bestowing upon our friend and benefactor, Mr. Carrows, in the name of His Majesty and His loyal subjects, this token in recognition of his service to the cause and of our affection."

The tears mounted to Mr. Carrow's eyes as he received the accolade.

"Tartarina is a great and magnificent country," he answered, "whose triumphal arches are eloquent of her past and whose future is before her."

“ America is neither unjust nor forgetful. She is glad to evoke the great work we have realized together and the glorious era of peace we have established.

“ I thank His Excellency for his kind words and in the name of my fellow citizens I am happy to offer our friends this mark of our esteem; I feel more than repaid for my efforts by the thought they accept it as a new proof of our affection. ”

Full of emotion, Mr. Carrows fumbled his handkerchief and posed for the photographers.



When I returned to my apartment I found a letter from the Prefect suggesting that, to avoid all complications which might embarrass both his government and their guest, I accept a safe-conduct home in recognition of the real service I had done humanity.

The characteristic generosity of this letter decided me to leave without any other ceremony than letters to those who had befriended me, thanking them for their attentions.



Drawing, by *Hilaire Hiler*

VIRGINIA HERSCH

CANYON

Professor Donald John, small, brown, nervous and alone, trudged contemplating the Grand Canyon of Arizona and his soul. He entered through the tall rough wooden gate. Behind him, outside on the dusty world, trains and cars came piling tourists, heaping tourists, while within, falling steep before him the glowing canyon lay, the earth cleft red and quivering, and at its base the Colorado, long, low as a python, darkly moved, the churning of its rapids unseen, unsensed beneath the rising waves of flame that echoed from the sunset to the rocks and swung from orange dome to yellow turret, down to the porous breathing of a dinosaurian plateau, up and further off along the never ending corridors of massive temples, hurling back the sun until the earth seemed to bend down under them, and roll them on, enveloping the world. The sky grew purple over them and a great bird poised his wings against the sphere that smashed its rays in golden swords behind him. Poised, he stayed above the maddened earth, and circled without movement of his wings, while the burning break breathed upward orange flame, wave following and overtaking wave of soft warm fire until the eagle hurled his long, strong pinions back and plunged.

A woman screamed. Dr. John standing near her turned, and silently they watched one another until she blushed and walked hurriedly away. Then Dr. John

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was conscious of the people all around, of their swarming and their chattering and incongruity. He realized that the world was still dark brown and green, and as he turned his head the Grand Canyon slid away. How he wanted to destroy humanity! If they had been alone when the bird swooped, he thought, and had not had that girl sitting with pursed lips writing small still verses in the teeth of nature's passion, if they had not had those others giggling.

"The river seemed heaps bigger when we crossed the bridge,"

"Huh, are you driving east? I'm going west. Say, how's tha' roads?"

John found himself listening eagerly about the roads and turned away disgusted with himself.

He stood silhouetted at the canyon's edge, a small dark figure, both feet pointing awkwardly to eastward while his body turned to westward, and he trembled while he gathered in his thoughts; the bird's plunge and the woman's scream, the small, old helpless parents left behind, and Rhea waiting westward. Rhea his sister had sent for him, and he was on his way, as it had always been with Rhea calling when she needed and his going and later her turning laughingly to another. Now behind him there was Janice who had said, "I would keep you from going to her, if I could. Yet if you leave your parents for a while, that's something too." "Janice," he thought, and, "I will marry her. She is not even thirty and I am more than a decade beyond. Still we can wait a little, there is so much time before us, and my mother old and almost blind..." He thought "Rhea will be angry that I have taken a day longer to come this way." He thought "Janice". He thought "Rhea".

From the dark bed of the river the great bird slowly rose. Wearily on aching wings he climbed the ray of sunset, beat his way along the glowing beam up out

of the canyon, slowly climbing with his long sure strokes, cutting the dull air with his pointed beak, piling the passed air behind him, mounting weary to his high nest in the crags.

John turned away with a long sigh. "All of this," he thought, and walked out of the wooden gate. "It is foolishness to say emotions pass outside me in the world of nature. It is my projecting outward, and still..." He walked slowly with his head bent. The dust steamed around his square shuffling toes. Young laughter crinkled the air both sides of him, and the movement of feet wove a riverlike design. He was a small greying man walking alone, his features stubby, large, round, horn-rimmed glasses on a small round face. Solitary, pondering, he went into the cool deep forest, found his way to the camp site where he had left his car. He reached into his baggage for his sleeping bag. He felt tired, languid, more so than the day's driving justified. The shadow around him seemed darker than the woods should cast, and he rested for a minute with his hand over his eyes, and then went on unpacking and arranging his bag. Children played shrilly all around about. He stood smiling at them. Camp fires smoked and parents bending over sizzling pans called and scolded the children to them, so that the laughter and screams receded, and from somewhere came the strumming of a banjo and rhythmic singing, while Dr. John felt towards all lovingly, and stood alone until he walked slowly away alone to the lunch counter.

Ham and eggs slapped down on marble tables. Guides making up parties to go into the canyon the next day. Indians begging, selling beads. Tickets for Indian dances to be done in savage stamping circles at 8.30 sharp each night; all whirled around him. He thought of his colleagues whom he would like to have with him. It was the first time he had ever been so utterly alone. He thought of his students who had gone beyond him

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and succeeded where he failed. A warmth suffused him when he imaged Hollings. If he were in the woods with him and they could talk, Lewis Hollings who had been his pupil and made good, but who still loved him, Donald John, Don Juan, he liked to call himself; so when Hollings praised him and when Hollings sought him out he felt that that meant something fine, worth while. He paid his check and walked back into the woods feeling a bit dazed.

There was still singing in the forest, and the scolding and the laughter, and Dr. John lay in his sleeping bag looking up the tall dark trunks of trees, into their black branches. The gray sky that stood in between was soft with the movement of small winds blowing Dr. John's thoughts gently here and there, taking shape, and losing it, until it seemed his sister Rhea stood over him in the cool gray sky with her face against the wind laughing stilly. He tried to call up Janice to his mind but thought of his mother as he had seen her on such nights as this, blackly profiled by the window darkening yet luminous behind her, the trees in the distance, his mother motionless in her chair listening for his footsteps and conscious of his coming even when he tiptoed, even when he came on stockinged feet to her; and his father also helpless, and his brother gone his own way selfishly leaving the whole burden to him, a professor in a small state university in "the great open spaces" Yet he loved all that, the trees, the mountains and the mountain folk, but Rhea stood and laughed high over him in the cool wind. Rhea. In his sister all that was insignificant in him had turned to beauty. She had his dull brownness, but with her skin tinted old ivory and buff-colored hair, their identical features but in her face lengthened just a bit, a wee bit narrowed, she was like a lovely sepia print of some perfect work of art. He imagined telling Janice, "She is like the print of the Diana that hangs over my bed." He had not thought

of it that way before nor did Janice like to hear him speak about his sister, "And I so want you two to be friends." Neither would Rhea care for Janice. He could not expect Rhea to appreciate her strength and loyalty. Janice had offered to lend him money to come on, Janice poor, in the faculty like himself but with no one dependent on her. Her serious unpowdered face, her swinging stride, and a strange wistfulness when she looked at him. But Rhea would have turned away while he was speaking and stood in perfect stillness because she knew it was a posture of infuriating beauty, or perhaps only because of the intensity with which her thought swung inward on herself when he spoke of other women.

In Rhea all things turning into beauty had soured everything that was good in him. His adoration for his friends seemed childish next to the silence of her unconcern. In conversation his knowledge became pompous, ponderous, pedantic beside the brilliance of her ignorance, before the sparkling mirror of her mind. He had seen her yawning while he spoke, and blushed, and silenced, but next day she had repeated his own words, only with a slight swing that was herself, and held a room enchanted. She had always sapped him, laughed, and let him go; but when in trouble she sent for him and he came, so that she never left him free. He hated her. The woods welded in darkness over him and his eyes closed wearily. He hated her. He tried to call up Janice and to sleep.

The breezes brushed his forehead. People still sang. Sometimes lights swam in along the road and the fragrance of the pine trees became warm and soft until he dreamed that he was walking endlessly along the border of the canyon and that he was trying to tell someone who was Janice, who was Rhea, that the colors of the canyon, but he was so out of breath with walking that his words grew thick within his mouth and he grew dizzy, and then he saw his sister running

VIRGINIA HERSCH

down into the canyon and Janice held him back, while Rhea went racing laughing down into the burning cleft, and he wanted to tear after her but he was falling, falling until Rhea's husband, but it was not he and was, and now they were all flying through the flaming air that grew darker and grew darker and grew dark until there was only the feeling of rushing forward blindly, helplessly, of being carried forward without sight or knowledge fearful in his car dashing on towards the precipice. In terror he pulled on the brakes and with a jerk stopped, screamed, awoke.

GEORGE REAVEY

SOLILOQUY OF FAUST

*This room's extent is any moon's
not to be gauged by wall and ordinary eye
it has a system and revolves
more multiply than carved chinese ivory balls
and if I tall creature walk
unaware of life crushed or seething at my heel
I do so oblivious of the 'All'
here in my sand-cave fruited plain oasis or sea
my head is safe about the ceiling concave heaven
smiling on with central sun hung down no mystery
obedient slave to my hands' mastery....
The floor over which I stalk
(holding discoveries I scarce suspect)
lies smooth cleared of valley crag or mountain top
and from it strive ingenious forms for every posture
I—vertical under electric sun
bed-horizontal under self-willed moon
sprawling over chairs or over tables pensive
till ravished—*

*in a second
by gnomes surging through the keyholes of eternity
....so voyaging in never calculable spaces
billion-circling in fluid patterns of wall-paper
finding corners always strange
windows disquieting days forever stranger
under the arc breaking into strident geometries*

GEORGE REAVEY

*to the waterpipes' ghost singing
or..... sitting motionless and waiting
for the door to open on a motion of its own
the unsuspected long expected wished-for form
revealing*

*sitting with no door opening
a book hugged closer to the failing sun
growing conscious of unending doubts
in mirrors re-doubled to infinity....
losing contact with men's faces in the gathering gloom
then growing smaller as the room grows bigger
gradually sinking into depths of deep sea carpet
feeling distances increasing
in a gaping universe of newly glowing words
once atoms proud suns lording the mazes of huge space*

*through small curious eyes perceiving
distances immense as suns grow smaller*

*waiting
for the door to open on a motion of its own
or whirled towards threatening chaos*

*sitting and despairing
for the third and final death.*

STANLEY BURNSHAW

A NOTE ON TRANSLATING POETRY

Yea-sayers of this age in which we now live, often offer as proof of its benefits the fact that science has brought the nations of the earth closer together. Because fast ocean — and air — travel have reduced the actual time-distance between continents, Americans and Frenchmen, for example, are now less mutually ludicrous. And as a result, it is said, the nations of the earth must soon come to a close harmony and mutual understanding... All such bright conclusions are mainly defensible in the world of commercial shipping, industrialism, and finance. But the problem of the *amateur* (in the French sense) of world literature still remains the same — in fact, it has grown even more complex. For the tempo of the times with its speeding-up pressure and annihilation of real leisure, robs the amateur of the opportunities for groping about, which his less hurried ancestors enjoyed. And this is particularly the case of the *amateur* of poetry, who is not content to live and to die without having tasted the various flavors of the poetry of the world.

Few who have been *amateurs* of poetry can say that she is as other sources of delight : no other art teases as much into passionate search. And the exasperating eagerness to see the poetic treasures of foreign lands is, after all, basic substantiation of the scholar's insistence that the study of literature must be comparative. As such it becomes important and necessary; and particularly

so in an age in which mechanical trappings are making of the globe one heterogeneous country.

But the poetry *amateur* is in a unique predicament. How is he to achieve his desire? The tempo of the time, the relentless hounding of daily economic necessity, cancel the possibility of learning to read the poets in their foreign languages. And even with the necessary leisure, a lifetime would hardly be space enough to attain to the poets of the world. It seems as if he has no choice but to read translations. But will this really bring to him the flavor of the exotic which he is so eagerly seeking?

There has never been a universally accepted attitude toward this question of translations into formal pattern: it has been as satisfactorily answered as the eternal "What is the difference between poetry and prose?" And yet this wavering attitude is hardly justifiable. It is true that at least a dozen objections to the possibility of "really translating" poetry have been launched during the past century; but many of these have been cancelled by the real achievements of one or two marvelous translations. To this writer all objections to formal translation can be reduced to one problem: that of tonal language. And it is believed that this objection is, by its very nature, insurmountable.

By tonal language is meant the sound of the given foreign poem in its original language: its sound to the sense's and not to the mind's ear. There will be few persons to deprecate the amazing importance which sensual sound of verse bears to the poetic emotion. Since Romanticism, with the accumulation of prosodic findings which Symbolism, Impressionism, and Vers Libre have brought us, there will be perhaps no one who will doubt that at least half of the poetic or aesthetic value of a poem (value in terms of aesthetic emotion, that is), depends upon this tonal language. To quote a cautious critic of English and French verse: "Is it not true that

sense and sound are pretty difficult to consider separately? What is the sense of a poem? Is it not merely the effect which it produces? and does not the effect depend upon sound?"* Indeed it must, especially when the ideal poem is usually defined as the perfect marriage of meaning and sound. We need only recall to mind Verlaine's insistence: "*De la musique avant toute chose!*"

The world's experience with Symbolism, in its broader artistic sense, is answer enough to any possible depreciation of the importance of tonal language. Practitioners of poetry know only too well its grief as well as its rhapsodies; and to them the original language is inseparable from the poet's complete meaning. But let us be conservative and say that only one half of the poem is lost when its language is cancelled. Then we may confidently believe that in formal translation into a new tongue, the new version is robbed at the start of one half of its chance of success. And such a prospect can hardly be alluring to the eager searcher.

Is there some other way? Before going into this question, it may be well to examine the real nature of formal translation. Is it not a recreation by the translator—an embodiment as closely imitative of the original as possible? But the embodiment not of the music and word-colors, but of the poetic idea—for with the original language cancelled, there is only left for the translator to recreate the peculiar spirit and charm—or poetic essence, if you will—of the original. This will require sometimes a broad digression from the word-for-word or line-for-line rendition; in most instances of verse-forms peculiar only to the original language, equivalents in the translator's language must be substituted. In fact, it appears that the amount of necessary divergence from literalness is an unknown factor varying with each particular poem,

*Edmund Wilson, "New Republic," November 13, 1929.

all of which combines to make the translator's task increasingly enormous.

It is hardly necessary to confirm these general observations, for the world's collection of good and bad translations is abundant evidence. Yet for purposes of clarity it might be well to compare two translations of the same poem by two well-known poets: the Siren's Song from d'Annunzio's *La Gioconda*. The first, by Arthur Symons, is a close imitation of the original in verse pattern and phrase. The second, by Haniel Long, is a more audacious attempt to recreate the poetic spirit rather than the actual phrasing of the original, while substituting prosodic equivalents in the English. Both versions, however, are unusually faithful to the Italian and for this reason they well illustrate the tiny, strange margin which makes of one translation a mere rewriting into English, and of the other a marvelous poem.

*Seven sisters were we
All of us fair to see,
And our mirror the fountain-head.
The first was fain to spin
And wished for spindles of gold;
The second to weave threads in
And wished for shuttles of gold;
The third to sew at her leisure
And wished for needles of gold;
The fourth to cook for her pleasure,
And wished for platters of gold;
The fifth to sleep beyond measure
And wished for dreams of gold
The sixth to sleep night away
And wished for coverings of gold;
The last to sing all day
To sing forevermore
And wished for nothing more.*

— ARTHUR SYMONS

STANLEY BURNSHAW

*We saw ourselves in the sources,
Seven beautiful sisters
In the beautiful water courses.
The first was fond of spinning
And longed for spindles of gold;
The second was fond of weaving
And longed for shuttles of gold;
The third was in love with sewing,
With sewing, and needles of gold;
The fourth was for wine overflowing,
And to drink it from cups of gold;
The fifth was made for sleeping,
And she prayed for covers of gold;
The sixth was adept at keeping
Dreams, if the dreams were gold;
But the seventh was all for singing,
For singing, only for singing,
For nothing else in the world.*

— HANIEL LONG**

Does this not show that it is the translation which disregards literalness of form and phrase in order to recapture the original poetic spirit of the original, which is the *better poem in English*? And is it not inevitable to conclude that the *better translation is merely the better English poem* that is made from the original? The art of formally translating poetry then is governed by the same laws which govern the art of creative poetry : both are to be judged only by the poetic emotion which they evoke in the reader.

It would seem foolish to deny that the author of a formal translation into verse, which calls forth a sensible poetic emotion, is an authentic poet. The translator's

**This translation appeared in "Poetry Folio," March-April 1927 issue. Complete file is now found only in the Harvard College Library.

inspiration happens to be a work of art rather than a tree, landscape, or a love experience. Is it possible to categorize the comparative inspirational authenticities with an aesthetic experience as compared with a personal love experience or an experience of the visual sense upon landscape? The translator is a creative artist — a poet engaged in a struggle which demands bravery. And fine translations can hardly be regarded, except by the sentimentalist, as less authentic art than fine poems.***

But this does not hold much prospect for the eager reader of foreign poetry, except an anxious hope that perhaps a school of magnificent translators may suddenly arise and bring home the golden fleeces. And even if such an event did take place, the result would be irrelevant to his purpose : good English poems, basically adaptations rather than originals of the prizes sought. One thinks of the several great translations we have in English... the King James version of the Song of Songs... Rossetti's versions of Cavalcanti... some of Witter Bynner's Chinese translations... Great poems these are, but primarily *great English poems*, and provocative of an *aesthetic experience different from what one experiences in reading the originals*.

Thus to this writer formal translation is hardly a satisfactory means of enjoying the flavor of foreign poetry. In the last analysis, is it really possible to enjoy the true *parfum* of French verse without first sensing the sound of French verse? And is not the sound of French verse utterly different from that of German, of Russian, Spanish, Italian? And is not the Hebrew still another? And are not these separate tonal languages each possessors of their separate charms? Indeed the colors of sensual language are by their very definition inherent in themselves; and if one is to see them at all,

***How many persons who enjoy and admire the Earl of Surrey's poem beginning: "The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings," know or even care about the fact it is not an original poem but a translation from Petrarch?

it is only in the language itself. And yet not in the meaning of the foreign words, but merely in their sound to the sense's ear. For we have too many marvelous meaningless song-poems in literature to allow us to believe any longer that sensual sound need have intellectual meaning.

The eager readers of foreign poetry can hardly expect to taste the exotic flavor of the particular foreign poet they seek, without first becoming familiar with the sound of his language. And this is hardly too much to ask. Phonetics are not so baffling today, and even then the most unilingual person can, with little application, learn to read for its sensual flavor; the phrases of a foreign tongue. Indeed once he has learned to hear the meaningless sounds of a foreign language, he has tasted at least half of the peculiar flavor of his sought-after poet. One can hardly read Leconte de Lisle and (tho ignorant of his meaning) fail to sense a strange music in one's ears. And is not the same true of the Psalms in Hebrew, of the Gaelic poems, of Catullus, of Becquer?

The writer has always found that in learning to understand the meaning of foreign poets, literal translations line-by-line were most satisfactory. Once the sensual sound is in the ears, one can hardly be content with less than the exact thought of the poet. For is editing of the poet's meaning necessary or desirable when the problems of formal versification no longer exist? The writer believes that such is never necessary, since the reader is seeking the poet's complete flavor; and how can he feel this unless he hears the strange sounds and reads the strange meaning?

Curious experiences of persons who have sought to read the foreign poets, seem to substantiate these statements. One person who had read all the celebrated versions of Catullus remained impassive until he came upon a "pony." Another had the same experience with the Sapphics, and only began to enjoy them when he came upon Henry Thornton Warton's literals. And there is

no end of persons who find Heine flat and who are amazed at his reputation. This seems additional confirmation of the importance of tonal language in enjoying foreign poets, for we have some fine English versions of these three poets. But what versions we have are admirable primarily because they are admirable English poems and only accidentally might we note that their versions derived from the foreign poets. Heine's "Das Meer hat seine Perlen" has been wonderfully reincarnated into English in Longfellow's translation. But the English is a good English poem and cannot be appraised for its "German flavor."****

This leads one to conclude that the art of formal translation of poetry into English is merely one phase of the art of English poetry. As such it is the property of English poetry and is the delight of English poetry *amateurs*. But it cannot be more than an interesting coincidence to the person eager to read the foreign poets. For the enjoyment of the foreign poets can hardly be accomplished in a language which is not the one in which the peculiar genius of the poet rooted and flowered. This is less true of prose, probably because prose is concerned primarily with meaning, and meaning can find its chief equivalents in other tongues, tho the flower of

****Santayana's marvelous translation of Gautier's "L'Art" is hardly flavored with Gautier's peculiar quality and yet it is a stunning feat in English... and as such a stunning English poem. One is reminded here of the utter failure of one well-equipped contemporary English poet, Wilfrid Thorley, in his attempt to render any number of French poets into free English versions — this despite the poetic talent of Mr. Thorley and his grounding in French poetry. His book ("Fleurs de Lys," Houghton Mifflin, 1920) states the case against possibility of authentic flavor in translated formal verse. And in this regard one is also reminded of the markedly different degrees of success achieved by two translators from the Chinese: the works of Witter Bynner and those of Arthur Waley. And more curious even is the strange effects which contact with Chinese poetry have effected on the original poetry of Witter Bynner, notably in his latest volume: "Indian Earth."

prose can hardly ever be formally translated. But as for the poets, they remain in substance interwoven with the sensual sound of their mother-tongue; and it is only by learning to hear these sensual sounds that we can begin to enjoy the secret charm.

It seems strange that no attempt is being made to permit eager persons to read foreign poets, by issuing books for that purpose. Some publishers might well consider commissioning scholars to compile anthologies of the finest poetry of foreign literatures — somewhat like the Oxford series — but containing literal translations on facing pages. Then we might have in our libraries not an anthology of the best translations which merely happen to have been made (as the Van Doren Anthology of World Poetry, confessed itself in its paradoxical title), but a library of the flower of foreign poetries forming unmatched additional treasure for our literature.

THE FLYING COLUMN

POETRY PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE

There was a time when philosophers looked askance at poets and physicists would not touch either with their little ten-foot poles. There was a dividing wall between them that barred agreement and communication. Aristotle and Lucretius and Goethe made holes in the partition. And now and then a man of today knocks a brick off the wall. We have a notion that before long there will be a procession around Jericho and when the ram's horn blows the remnants of the said wall will go the way of London Bridge.

Of contemporary philosophers Prof. Santayana's work alone more than bridges the chasm; it is an amalgam of poetry and philosophy. Although his philosophical writings fill numerous volumes and his poetical contribution forms but a slender skein, it is difficult to say at what point his poetry ends and his philosophy begins. To us at least all of Prof. Santayana's philosophical treatises are so much poetry and that is the reason why we never tire of reading them even if we do not always understand them. With poetry as with women, we need not understand in order to love. His last book, "The Realm of Matter" provides beautiful reading, but our understanding has not always kept step with our admiration. Take this sentence for instance: "Literature is conserved speech, speech is significant song, and song is pure overflow of the psyche in her moments of free play and vital leisure." If we should avail ourselves of the mathematical method of letting *a* stand for literature, *b* for speech, *c* for song and *d* for overflow, what do we get? If *a* equals *b*, *b* would then equal *a*; if *b* equals *c*, *c* must equal *b*; if *d* equals *c*, *c* must equal *d*, and this latter being equal to all its predecessors, they all must be equal to each other, with the result that literature (*a*) is pure overflow (*d*) of the psyche etc., which is what a philosopher would have said if that were what he meant to say. To such a philosophical statement we would answer simply that it is not true. But Prof. Santayana's proposition being purely poetical, we are obliged to allow him to remain undisturbed in the full enjoyment of a poet's appanage: while we admire, the mouth of our understanding is sealed.

Now turn to the physicist's laboratory which used to be consid-

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ered a centre of purely material observation. In a recent book by the American scientist Millikan these words may be found :

"The discovery of Atomic Numbers (1913-1924) and the definite fixing of the total number of possible elements between hydrogen and uranium as 92, both being included, is perhaps the most beautiful and the most simplifying discovery ever made. Nature never came so near surrendering herself to her lover without reserve and revealing herself in simple grandeur as when Mosely found that all the elements fitted into a single arithmetical progression — a progression, too, which could mean nothing except that the positive charge on the nucleus of each atom moved up by unit steps from 1 to 92, in going from hydrogen to uranium... Some day a poet will arise who will make an epic for the ages out of young Mosely's discovery."

All of which indicates a coming together of the various currents of world thought. A poetic imagination, confessedly or not, has always entered into the achievements of great minds whether the realm of their activity was philosophy or the sciences, as the poets and artists generally have not been blind to the physical phenomena of life.

This by way of a hint to poets who may have in mind the poetry prizes established through the medium of *THIS QUARTER* : The mixture of art and the sciences has been accomplished again and again, but the fusion must take place in the fiery furnace where but few can walk unhurt.



CANNED THOUGHT In a recent study of reading in America entitled "Books," the author shows the relations subsisting between writers of books, publishers, librarians, booksellers and public. And some of the latest phases of activity, such as book clubs and the dollar book, are discussed. He finds that, as in other branches of commerce, overproduction is one of the evils of both writing and publishing. This was discovered long before the printing press was invented : "Of making many books there is no end."

The author of "Books" points out that the Germans were pioneers of the book club movement, and that their clubs have come more and more to resemble mail-order houses, assuming much the same risks of loss on individual titles as are borne by legitimate publishers. One of the American clubs discovered that potential readers were, for the most part, not those who had the reading habit, but those who had the mail-order habit. If it be true that we are creatures of habit, the daily growing multiplicity of habits threatens to engulf if not extinguish the individual entirely. The book clubs, however uncommercial they may have plumed

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themselves to be at the start, have become simply another method of marketing the literary product.

Bookselling is the last field in which America has so exerted herself. Where canned vegetables, canned meat, canned oysters, canned music have proved to be a millionaire producing success, why not canned thought as well, which is books. Let it be so if so they must have it, but, to our point of view, thought that can be canned well deserves to be "*canned*"



BISTRO Two young aspirants to literary spurs, snug
HIGHBROWS under the frayed wings of a much older aspirant, stumbled upon the discovery of the truth known at least since the days of Johann Gensfleisch Gutenberg that a higgledy-piggledy throwing together of words alone is not sufficient to produce literature; that literature must have substance or "content." In other words, like nature, it abhors a vacuum. This they proceeded to tell the world, via numerous Montparnasse bistros.

The three melancholy musketeers have since been sorely put to it to reconcile their vacuity with their existence upon the earth. It is to be hoped they may discover the further truth that a nasty taste in the mouth the morning after is not sufficient inspiration to furnish the printer with intelligent copy.

But serious-minded honest Robert Sage in an article in the *Chicago Tribune* (Paris) fell for it all, and swallowed it hook, line and sinker.

A POUND PACKET

Dropped passing through Rapallo

*"There is enough to what I chance
to say". — Perhaps too much, perhaps
too little, Master Pound. The traps
of words that luringly ensnare
have husks for bait, and sadly fare
who choose to blink their menace,*

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*as fared the Jew of Venice
who not alone lost lawful debt,
but by a nimble marmoset
in lawyer's gown and pettycoat
was cozened out of his last groat,
was fined to dower a gone-wrong daughter,
and, — curse it all! — take holy water
which turned his hebrew blood to curds,
and all because he clung to words...*

*When words are ends instead of vehicle
and stanzas teem with macaronic verse,
it is a portent unmistakable
that Pegasus is pulling at a hearse :
sure as passing months bring change of moon,
exit poet, enter Pantaloon...*

E.W.T.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

SOME THOUGHTS ON FRENCH PAINTING 1910-1930

It is amusing, for those of us who are old enough, to recall the successive avatars that French painting has been through since about 1910. At that time, impressionism had evolved towards a new primitivism, of which the leaders were Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh. This trinity of painters between them covered the ground of what might have been a new development of the French genius : solidly architectural in Cézanne, decorative and patterned in Gauguin, lyrical and realistic in Van Gogh. All had been to school to the new technique of primary colour and natural inspiration. If we add to their number the name of Seurat, who died too young, we exhaust the list of leaders of the new school. One cannot count Renoir or Degas, belated classics without posterity, in their number.

What remains of the new impulse that they gave to French painting, one asks, in this year 1930? French art, we are told, is still the central art of Europe, if not of the entire world; at all events the art-dealers of the French capital have persuaded the world to think so. They have persuaded the world so well that unless one is accepted by some of these people or by their branches elsewhere, one has no reputation worth considering. Every and any form of exoticism flourishes in the capital that spans the Seine. One simply pays one's money and takes one's choice. Art has become here an enormous stock-exchange with values fluctuating from year to year and

from day to day. This month perhaps Utrillos will go up and Vlamincks down. (I pick these names at random.) Meanwhile, it does not matter whether there is any criticism, or standard of accomplishment. Since "le douanier Rousseau," of sacred memory, any form of painting — even the old academic — has its chance. We all start from scratch, in more senses than one.

And who has been ahead during this period? Ten to one, the answer is Picasso. Matisse, his rival about 1910, has fallen back badly. Picasso keeps you wondering what he will do next. "I do not seek, I find," he is reported to have said. Certainly, he has found that people will pay money to be amused, who will never spend anything on ten minutes serious thinking. In the great vaudeville that is French painting to-day, he is the most versatile performer. And that is because he reflects his age; he does not lead it.

Picasso has never invented anything, not even cubism. In a moment of honesty, he has admitted that cubism came to him through study of negro sculpture. This made the African sculptors the first cubists — and Picasso might also have mentioned Braque in this connection. Everybody knows that Braque painted cubist pictures as early as Picasso did, if not earlier. But, also for the sensation-seekers, Braque has stayed cubist, as did Juan Gris, because they had something that could only be said in that way. But Picasso has changed his style since then twenty times over, without saying anything more than "I am Picasso."

What is — or rather, what was — cubism? It was not particularly a new discovery. It is a sort of artistic shorthand used not only by the negroes, but also by the Copts, the Aztecs, the Peruvians and other non-European primitive races. At best it is only a method: a method that appears and reappears in art at a certain stage before the disassociation of reason and instinct. It is a means to an end, not an end in itself. It is, if you like, Cézanne

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written in shorthand; that is to say, Cézanne without an accent. But Cézanne had a very strong accent. One might take another analogy and say it bears the same relation to living painting that movie-music bears to an actually created symphony.

As for all this talk about "abstract form" which made cubism's reputation among the English, the sooner that is done with the better. There is no such thing as abstract form. There is only concrete form. Even a triangle is a concrete triangle, not the idea of one. It exists because the idea of the triangle exists? Yes, perhaps. But the lines must first be drawn before we can tell what the idea is good for. And still more in the case of a painting, which is more than any number of triangles.

In the hands of a man of taste, cubism can be used with intelligence. But Picasso was too "malin" to be intelligent. He abandoned cubism for neo-classicism. He abandoned that for something borrowed from surrealism. He is the man who goes out of a room leaving the door always open, and a visiting-card on the table. But an open door and a visiting-card are not enough to persuade us that we have actually seen our visitor, or know much about him.

Every man over forty reveals that he belongs to some tradition or the other, by the fact that he creates within its limits. Even le douanier Rousseau was in the good peasant tradition. Even Klee is in the tradition of the child's pencil drawing. But Picasso is neither true to himself nor to a standard that exists apart from him. He evades — and there is no room for evaders in a world in which it is doubtful whether art will survive the pressure of mass-production on the one hand and mass-psychologic stupidity on the other.

Put, for example, a good Rouault beside a Picasso of the "blue" period. The Rouault is more solid. But Rouault has always been a painter, not a music-hall artist. And Rouault has not altered his style, has asked no favors

from the "grande monde," has never made a stunt of his attitude towards life. Delacroix and Daumier stand somewhere behind him. Behind Picasso is a void — in which the names of more cubists and sur-realists have fallen than can be easily told.

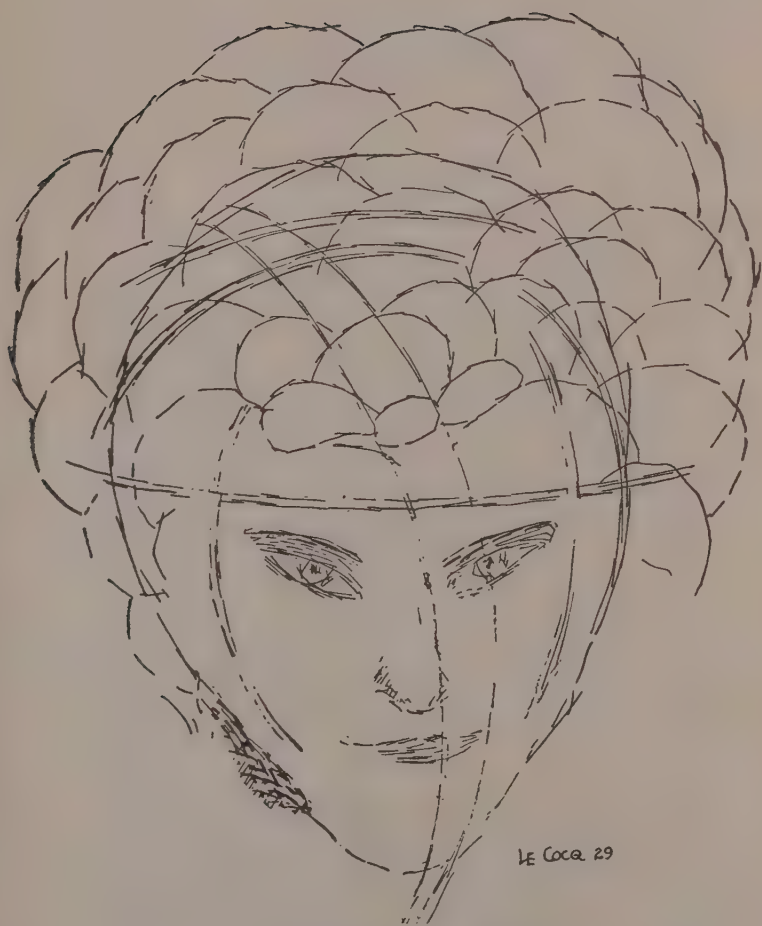
The fact that Picasso is dangerous as a leader has probably occurred to more artists in Paris during the past twenty years than anywhere else. Outside, Picasso is still supposed to be heading somewhere. In France, only a few years ago, the sur-realists betrayed their doubts of the loyalty of Pablo to their creed, by offering Chirico the vacant chair of their leader — and then rejecting him. But Chirico, though a very banal and vulgar painter at best, is not altogether a chameleon.

What remains? We are aware that there are a great many painters in France. There are also a great many foreign painters in France. Are we to class them all, simply because they happen to be there, with the French school? If that is so, then the label "French school" becomes a mere rubber stamp, without any more meaning than a visa on a passport. There are also painters in America and in England and in most European countries. Surely it is time to attempt some sort of classification that will seek to define whether a man bears any characteristics other than that of a member of an international herd. Let there by all means be Jewish painters, or Catholic painters, or painters of low or high life. Is it not a fact that the fear of propaganda in art has gone far enough? A considerable part of art is to be good propaganda. If it were not so, there could be no good criticism — for there is little for the critic to criticize, except the artists' propaganda. One cannot say Cézanne's form is better than Bouguereau's. Cézanne himself apparently did not think so. One can only say Cézanne's mind works better upon its form than did Bouguereau's mind work. But that is a criticism, not of achievement, but of the doctrine and the character that stand behind achievement.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

What merit is there in supposing that simply because a man happens to be in Paris and has work exhibited there, he is really a painter? He might as well stay at home, and paint the Hudson River from his backyard windows. Since the war we seem to have reached a point where everything, from Russian-Jewish art to Japanese art, can be labelled as "Parisian." This is largely because we seem to have reached a point where there are neither summits nor depths: a point that might almost be labelled "collective anonymity." But though collective anonymity has been possibly the chief requisite of great art in the past, it cannot go hand-in-hand with the avowed aim of the present-day dealers. The dealers remain an anomaly. One must either have art without dealers, or the dealers and their scheme of values — which is not necessarily art. "Art abides entirely on the side of the mind," but what is the public mind up to in these days? Is it content to take anyone's word for it that "this is art" simply because something else happens to be out of fashion, or has not acquired so much international reclamation?

Recently, I was afforded the opportunity of visiting a provincial show held at a town somewhat remote from Paris and its concerns. The products displayed — all the fruit of local talent — were at least quite as interesting and certainly as competent as ninety per cent of the stuff that passes through the hands of the art dealers of the French capital. And what was more interesting was the attitude of the public toward this show, as contrasted with their attitude in Paris. Where in Parisian art-galleries one meets only bored millionaires or cosmopolitan drifters, here were a goodly number of local people, interested in what they themselves had produced. The contrast was impressive and salutary. Let us decentralise art, to make it return to the soil. Then only can we tell whether the hyper-intellectualism of the "abstract" artist, or the reliance on the unconscious of the later "sur-realist," has reference to human reality.



Drawing, by *Ivan Le Cocq.*

FRANCES FLETCHER

SISTER MARY CARMEN

Mass after mass I had attended in the early morning and had observed Sister Mary Carmen mute as a holy image among the nuns who intoned the plainchant in full, resonant voices.

Evening after evening I had watched the candles flicker over the sorrowful face of Sister Mary Carmen as she refrained necessarily from joining in the musical responses at vespers. Necessarily : for this stern straight nun had apparently no music in her nature and had never in her life, the Ursulines said, produced the lilt of song.

What my saintly mentor lacked in musical power, however, was compensated for by precision and vehemence of recitative. Her spoken responses, like her prayers, were models of devoutness and Christian conviction and must have gone far in divine sight toward effacing the negative effect of a purely mental hymn-singing.

Although it was not surprising that one of the more austere sisters of the convent should have been placed over me as guard—to see that I slept at a certain time, rose at an early hour and spent a portion of the day at my books—I was always sorry that my shortcomings as a student had not been entrusted to the more affectionate disposition of Sister Theresa of the Cross, or to the youthful beauty of Sister Carmelita, or to the gracious dignity of the elderly Sister Magdalene.

From the very first I was afraid of Sister Mary Carmen. She was different from the other nuns, most of whom were lovely in disposition and person, in one fashion or another. Rather the stern sister seemed to me to have much more in common with the Puritan ancestors of mine whose portraits and daguerreotypes hung framed in nearly every room of a lonely New England house. Had Sister Mary Carmen not been so wholeheartedly Catholic, and had her companions not assured me that the severe nun was a member of an ancient French-Canadian family, I might have been led from her conduct to infer that a prototype of the early Calvinist had sought refuge in the more expansive atmosphere of Catholic ritual, from the repression and severity of her own religion : and that once in the new environment, she had found it strange and foreign, even somewhat too lenient, perhaps, in its demands upon her naturally implacable spirit.

Sister Mary Carmen was probably sufficiently watchful of me, although she seemed not to be. "Good morning!" she said as she passed through my room at six o'clock on her way to the chapel. "Good night!" she always said in the evening, as she appeared at the head of my bed just before eight o'clock.

Once the door between us was closed I usually forgot all about my guardian. I assumed she also forgot about me. For often at night I used to rise, switch on the light and read a French novel of the more piquant variety while the whole community of nuns and Angelines slept. It was weird enough, I realized at the time. A novel of Parisian life was almost the only modern touch in this community, which was mediæval in its habits and outlook.

From my window I could see the courtyard of tall trees and green benches, with two or three wooden swings where the sisters sat in the evening and combed the wool recently sheared from their fat sheep, or knit stockings and mittens, or embroidered exquisite altar

pieces. At the end of the courtyard was the garden, with its roses, faint blotches of color in the distance, stiff and waxen in the moonlight. Then the farm acres commenced, spreading out interminably, much farther than the eye could reach. For this was an exceedingly prosperous convent and the nuns were good managers of their estates.

Or again, when I did not care to read, I would slip out upon the narrow balcony which opened from the far side of my bedroom. From this point I looked down upon more sombre trees and on the high stone wall, now touched with mysterious shadows, now illuminated by Pucklike beams from the moon. On nights when there was no moon I generally avoided the balcony : the prospect was too dismal, the wall too uniformly black in the shadow of overhanging trees and the entire atmosphere charged with melancholy, loneliness and even a kind of terror.

This presence of terror was much more striking during the slow hours of rain in midsummer, when the downpour hurled itself against the convent roof, splashed against the balcony and pounded on the obdurate wall which enclosed the sanctuary of nuns.

I loved the rain. In spite of a feeling of awe and a sense of being utterly alone in the universe, I found a very peculiar pleasure in these stormy nights when it was impossible to sleep lest some curiosity of the night escape one.

One night, however, there came an electric storm more severe, I thought, than any I had previously experienced. There were thousands of thunder crashes, and millions of flashes of lightning in fiery forks. The immense stone building was, however, undisturbed by this frenzy of nature. The nuns slept. No light appeared in any of their windows. And, like the sisters who were either unconscious of the storm or were praying fervently in silence, I too would have waited for the disturbance to

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pass if something most amazing to my youthful inexperience had not just then occurred.

From the room adjoining mine, and following in the wake of an exceptionally awe-inspiring thunderpeal, rang out the voice of Sister Mary Carmen, pitched in song.

It was a high soprano voice, strong, intense, vibrant. The hymn which the voice intoned was well-known to me. But the manner of the song's execution, and the circumstances surrounding the outburst, together with the weirdness of the notion of connecting any kind of song with Sister Mary Carmen : these things frightened me indeed.

At first I did not know whether my mentor was awake or asleep. As the storm continued, however, and the chanting of the heretofore unmusical nun became more sustained and untrammelled, the conviction was borne upon me that Sister Mary Carmen was either asleep or had entered into a kind of trance : inspired, perhaps, or hypnotized, by the intransigent elements.

It was the singing of a mad woman. Outside, trees were being ripped open and felled by swift lightning strokes. Inside, in a mania of religious exaltation, an ordinarily severely repressed nun gave expression to her nocturnal mood.

*"Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla..."*

the highpitched voice intoned. Such intensity of utterance, such passion of delivery, such ecstasy of emotion I had not heard. It was phenomenal, inhuman.

*"Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae.
Ne me perdas illa die!"*

I began to sense the danger of the situation. The woman singing in the room adjoining mine was no

longer human in my sight. The storm had unleashed some half-conscious force long slumbering within her. Now Sister Mary Carmen had become articulate with an unholy vengeance. And that this expression should take the form of ritualistic worship was not surprising.

It was not that the voice of the holy sister was unmusical, nor that it was badly poised. For, insofar as in my fright I could judge of such niceties, the technique of this weird performance seemed remarkably correct. Yet the quality of this hymnal devotion was alarming. There was a fanaticism, an unrestrained frenzy which bordered on insanity and which reminded one of old tales of Druidesses with their torn human sacrifices, of fiery-eyed inquisitors on the path of erring heretics, real or imaginary.

True, I was not precisely a heretic predestined to infernal fires, even in my grim mentor's sight. Yet rationality was impossible at this midnight hour, with the rain lashing against the window pane and the howling wind contending to be heard above the persistent wild soprano of Sister Mary Carmen.

At last I could endure it no longer.

*"Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi praemuniri,
Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur
Fac ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria."*

The words pierced through the walls separating (I thought) the would-be sacrificiant from me. The orgy of the wind and rain now seemed a vastly more hospitable refuge than this room where demoniac plaints, albeit heavenward-directed, engendered an atmosphere of distress and mental agony.

Abruptly I jumped from my bed and went to the balcony overlooking the convent court. Already I was

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drenched through and through. My one thought was to escape : to escape those excited prayers and chanted praises to the Lord : to escape those hymnal maledictions : to escape into the gentle Lord's own arms, far from the uncanny power of the Master's devotion-crazed votary.

Lightly I jumped to the ground. The summer rain was lukewarm against my bare feet. But the air was cold and the wind beat upon my thinly clad body and blew my loosened hair into knots and rain-drenched tangles. The lightning revealed a barren prospect, unfamiliar to me in its state of upheaval. The thunder crashed from time to time and the very tree against which I finally threw myself, clinging as it were for sanity's sake to the slippery, hospitable bark,—this very tree might be the next to topple over, with moaning and swaying and with my limp body entangled in its branches.

The storm, however, brought repose at length. No longer could I hear the voice of Sister Mary Carmen. Doubtless the nuns, in their alcoves at the other end of the grey stone building, had not heard the singing at all.

In the morning they found me, limp and pallid, still clinging to the trunk of the mother oak. The storm had passed. The sun had almost broken forth and the elusive calm, which comes only after unusual violence, lay over all the tranquil scene.

Half dazed, I was led back to the white cot in my room.

In Sister Mary Carmen there developed, hereafter, a curious restraint. There was a new defensive reserve of manner, I sensed, whenever contact became necessary between us.

Later I mentioned to Mother Superior that I had heard Sister Mary Carmen singing hymns in her room at night.

The Mother Superior laughed.

"O no, child!" she said. "Sister Mary Carmen has never sung. She *cannot* sing!"

The companions of Mother Superior smiled, too, in great good humor.

"O no!" Sister Magdalene exclaimed. "You must have dreamed! Sister Mary Carmen *cannot* sing!"

I did not tell them how unusually wide awake I had been on the night of the storm.

Nor did I ask the Mother Superior to appoint a more congenial companion to watch over my student apartment and act as guardian to my very imperfect spiritual life. For my work here was nearly ended and in a few days I should be leaving this convent with its unending drama of ritual, of private and communal devotion, its aroma of mysticism and suggestion of a once resplendent glory.

WILLIAM VAN WYCK

THREE SONNETS FOR FIFTY

I

*The hourglass' sands are falling fast,
As grain by grain they drop into the bowl.
And with each grain, a chill comes o'er my soul,
To know that all my youth is of the past.
Death nails his pirate-colors to the mast,
And steers my vessel. God, what is its goal,
Eternity or grave's dank maggot-hole?
And was it I who thought that life could last?*

*There was a time when pipes played loud and well.
O but the music of the dance was sweet!
Now I must stumble for a winding-sheet,
And the dull ringing of a passing-bell.
The piper comes, for it is reckoning-day.
Just one more dance, good piper, ere I pay!*

II

*I thought love was eternal, and mine eyes
Glistened with happy tears. My days might go
Waxing or waning, either fast or slow,
For nothing mattered save love's ecstasies.
Resting a moment, soaring to the skies,
I bathed me in the sun of life's sweet glow,*

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*Floating on pinions, wafted to and fro,
With outspread wings, and as a lover flies.*

*But that was long ago, and Time has swept
And garnished my small house of hopes. How vain
Are all the pleadings and the tears I've wept.
Love will not linger. Memories remain,
But they are bitter-sweet. The game is done,
And I must turn me toward a westing sun.*

III

*The middle years have come, and wild regret
For all the merry past came with them too.
And spun-gold hair, and sky of vivid blue
Go grey for sorrow. God, I would forget
That happy past for bitterness! And yet
Who can forget the past? Not I. Not You.
The middle years are weary years. They brew
A darkling cup — Gethsemane's cold sweat.*

*Mine eyes are bright. A grinning skull, and soon,
Will be their recollection left behind.
O Meditation, on life's afternoon,
I hear the ravens cawing down the wind,
And see the weeds grow thick upon the sod
Of my lone grave! Who are the sons of God?*

RICHARD THOMA

DEATH LIKE SUN

Helen Maxwell stood before her mirror, adjusting an orchid on her coat. It was a purple orchid, large, expensive, unnatural. There was something a little depraved, a little obscene about it. Helen didn't wear it. She flaunted it, and knew it and quite openly took pleasure in it. Another dab of powder, now, and she would be ready. There. She went out of the house and walked down the street.

Peter was waiting for her. She was only an hour late; Peter wouldn't mind. He wasn't always punctual himself... Dear Peter. She *did* like him. He was going to be annoyed when he found out she had decided not to see him again after this time. Of course, she *had* made solemn promises to love him forever and forever. But she had known him a year now. That was a long time. They had pledged undying devotion and all that sort of thing. But that was before she had met Ernest McKenna. Peter wouldn't understand *that* naturally. But she wouldn't tell him that. He would be reasonable. He might fume at first and grow tragical. He *was* so poetic... But, after all, she would make him see that she was a wife and might conceivably some day be a mother... She wasn't Ernest McKenna's wife, of course, but Peter wouldn't learn of that affair. Not until later, anyway, when it didn't matter. And then Peter was married, too. She might bring that in. Betty was a perfect little beast,

but in cases of this sort she might prove to be a useful weapon : devotion to one's wife, the peace and tranquillity that come with faithfulness and straight-living and whatnot. She would make Peter see how sad and uncomplaining Betty was. He would be filled with remorse. And after that, it would be easy for her to get away in time to meet Ernest for dinner.

Yes, Peter was very poetic. She would regret, occasionally, those fantastic, transported moments when the air was filled with things she did not understand. Where did they come from, those verbal, electric sparks ? From the drugs he had taken in the East ? How he made her heart beat with his flaming eyes and his wild words ! And his long, graceful hands that decorated the chaos of his speech !— those hands that were so strong that often they made her scream with pain. She would regret all that, when Ernest wasn't there. But perhaps Peter was a little too poetic. Just a little. Sometimes, he quite frightened her with bizarre words that meant nothing, really, but gave one a sense of unimportance and frailty. What had he said the last time ? “ Death like Sun... ” That was it. “ Death like Sun. ” What did it mean ? He had been telling her of strange religions. He was a mine of information. Not very useful, always, but enchanting to listen to. “ The Sunworshippers, ” he had said, “ long for Fusion with their God. ” He talked like that, in capital letters. It was magnificent. “ Theirs is the Fury of the Catapult, the Power of Fire, the Sweep of the Hurricane. They are Reckless, Intemperate, Cholerick. Death holds no Terrors for them. They ignore it, because Death like Sun... ” He had broken off there to fetch another bottle of whiskey (such good whiskey) and when he had returned he had gone off on another tangent.

“ Death like Sun. ” It sounded grandiose, even unfinished, like that. But it was disturbing, also. Peter often talked about death. Many times, she had wished

he wouldn't. It made her nervous. And he knew nothing of death, really: no more than anyone else. But he was very discomfoting. She wasn't interested in death. She was interested in life and its pleasure, its orchids and jazz, and its beds.

At 35th Street and Fifth Avenue, she turned east and walked a little more rapidly until she stood before the studio. Quickly, she rang the bell. She knew Peter was alone and would come himself to the door.

"Hello," he said, as he admitted her. "You're a trifle late, aren't you?"

"Am I? Oh, I'm so sorry. I had a million things to do. And I couldn't get a taxi. I had to walk down."

"Too bad," he said shortly. "Jesus, what an orchid! Did I send you that?"

Helen frowned. He was in a rotten humour, obviously. Well, he needn't try to take it out on her. Why, he hadn't even helped her with her coat.

"You send me an orchid? Say, that's a good one. It's a good thing other people happen to remember I like flowers."

"What do you mean: other people?"

Across the room, Peter stared at her. What was she hinting at? Why didn't she sit down? This was going to be a swell afternoon.

"It's none of your business, *what* I mean!"

Suddenly, he flared up.

"Oh, it isn't, eh? Well, whose business is it? Come on, now. Say, what the devil's the matter with you?"

"Shut up. I bought it myself. And don't swear at me. If you'd think more of sending me orchids instead of blahing about the sun so much, perhaps we..."

"What?" He was very white. "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

"God! If you've been cheating, I'll..."

"Cheating? Save your breath. I'm not cheating. I'm through, that's all. Just that. I'm quitting. It's all over. Finished. Ended. Curtain."

Limp, she sat down. What *had* she done? She hadn't planned this at all. She had meant it to be romantic and sentimental. A few soft words, a moment fraught with emotional lightnings, a last embrace, a tear—no use for those handkerchiefs, now. Well, it was his fault. He had blazed away at her like a liontamer or a whoremaster. What business was it of his, anyway, if someone *had* sent her the orchid? She wasn't anybody's slave. For two cents, she'd tell him about Ernest... Better not. He was more nervous, more irritable than usual. He might do anything. And, besides, a card up one's sleeve is worth those on the table; a card up one's sleeve can be a secret place, those on the table only an empty, fallen house.

Peter continued to stare at her. His pallor accentuated the mad, roving eyes, the twitching mouth. He understood perfectly, but he couldn't, yet, believe. She had lied. Someone else *had* sent her the orchid. And she had come to him frankly to say good-bye. A little more solemnly, no doubt, but his unthinking words had wrecked her plans. He wasn't sorry. Well, yes, he was sorry. Now, he would have to plead, to promise, to bully — in a different way. But, good God, the whole thing was impossible. It was incredible. It couldn't happen. Yet, there it was. They were enemies, now. Even if he won her back, there would always be the memory of this bald, vulgar scene between them. It wasn't worth it. But it must be righted. But how? What magic could restore beauty to the drab ghost that separated them, now? He began to think—very hard and sensibly, at first, then wildly, extravagantly — until opiates surged in his brain, clogging his reason, opening other doors that led to the ultimate, the most distant thought. All at once, everything seemed clear to his

mind and immediately his eyes were troubled with what they sought to conceal.

Silent, very cold, now, Helen shivered. She had been watching him very carefully, somehow frightened. Why didn't he speak, upbraid her? He wasn't natural, today. More drugs, probably. The pupils of his eyes were strangely dilated. Her own eyes narrowed, but they never left him. When he did, at last, break away from the mantelpiece, it was with difficulty that she restrained herself from jumping out of her chair.

He walked swiftly to a cabinet, withdrew a bottle of whiskey and two large tumblers, and set them down on a table near her.

"Have a drink?"

"Yes."

He poured out two full glasses and handed her one. She gulped it down and he refilled it before taking a sip from his own glass.

"Feel better?"

"Much."

Stupidly, she picked up her glass and drank the contents. Again, he filled it.

"Why aren't you drinking?" she asked.

"I'm just being careful. I intend to do a lot of drinking..."

Funny, that grin he had.

"I'm sorry for what I said," he murmured.

"Oh, that's alright."

She took the hand he offered. His nervous fingers seemed stronger than ever.

"But, Helen, you shouldn't have teased me. You know how I love you. I can't bear to see you coy. It does something to me."

"You take me too seriously. After all, I'm only a rich, strong woman."

They were watching each other like tigers.

"But promise not to tease me any more. All I've

done in the past year has been for you. My poems, everything..."

He realised he was pleading. Pleading senselessly with a woman he had lost forever. What a fool he was. What a fool she made him. He began to hate her.

"Now *you're* not drinking," he said.

She took the glass he proffered and emptied it.

"I can drink you under the table, Peter."

"Oh, can you! Let's see."

He emptied his glass and poured out two more. Helen drained hers.

"That's four to your one," she said.

Her voice, she knew, was a little loud. But she didn't care. She was very warm. There was a buzzing in her ears. Peter stared at her relentlessly.

"*Don't* stare at me like that. Kiss me," she commanded.

He kneeled before her, took both her hands in his and covered them with wet, sticky lips.

"Helen, thy beauty is to me like those Nicean barks of yore!—"

She glowed. This was the real Peter. The raving poet that thrilled her. Of course, he was only quoting. She knew that; it wasn't the first time. But soon, he would begin to invent and, perhaps, he might achieve one great, sublime moment when she might again dare to broach the subject of separation. On the whole, though, it might be better to say no more for the present. Another day. She could write him a letter. That was it. Thank God for life, for country and for the Post Office. My, her head was swimming. Another drink would set her right. She broke away from Peter's clasp, poured herself a glassful of whiskey with a hand that shook violently and drank it. Words forced their way to her brain. What was he saying?

"...Helen is dead. Troy is passed away. Greece is no more and Homer has disappeared with the Gods.

Troy, Greece, Homer, all were nothing but Helen, and Helen is dead. There never was anything but Helen. Lilith was Helen. Egypt was Helen. The Gods were Helen. The Sun was Helen. And Helen is dead. The Sun is dead. Everything is dead..."

What a frightful idiot he was! *She* wasn't dead. And Ernest McKenna wasn't dead. Not by a long shot. She'd *show* him she wasn't dead. She took another drink. Ugh. Not so good, that. The room turned furiously on an insane axis and her eyes disappeared in her head. She became red, then green, and her tongue choked her, choked her until she couldn't breathe...

In that moment, Peter saw clearly the revolting spectacle. What a madman he was. He knew it, but he couldn't help it. This drunken woman was Helen Maxwell and he loved her. But the futility, the waste of his words was so apparent that he almost died. This was what Homer had sung! This was what Poe had praised! This was what he, oh, in a minor way, had rhymed. It wasn't possible. No. No. No. The Sun wasn't vomit.

She had passed out in the chair, a bloated mass of flesh. He rose and wiped himself as well as possible with his pocket handkerchief. Then for the first time, he saw she had never removed her coat. He cleaned it carefully, noting, with perverse amusement, that, somehow, the orchid, the gaudy purple flower, was untouched and remote from any reality, even that of cause and effect.

He picked her up in his arms and carried her to the day bed, laying her gently on it. She was trembling. Oddly afraid that she might catch cold, he fetched a rug and spread it over her. She made a curious noise that showed him how far away she was. He was quite alone.

How awful that such things should happen. He closed his eyes and tried to remember. He had been beastly to her. He had made her nervous and in desperation she had gotten drunk — No, that wasn't it. She had been

bestly to him. He had forced her to drink, and now... He remembered. The cunning look returned to his eyes. He glanced at her still body. She had not moved. Thoughts raced through his brain. He drank what remained of the whiskey.

It could not go on. When she woke up, she would be dizzy, ill, sick at heart. And she would be ashamed, terribly ashamed. She would never dare meet him again. Another spectre stood between them. Ghosts multiply rapidly.

He must put a stop to the whole affair now and forever. He must not allow it to drag on any further. There must be no pangs on awakening, no reproaches, no averted eyes, no unkind thoughts. Certainl , it was not beautiful as it was. But he must preserve it from worse. What explanations could he give, later on? There must be no explanations. Tragedy is unconcerned with explanations. Let the living talk and grow excited. The dead are at peace.

He rose and took a small vial of Chinese workmanship from a desk drawer. When he had removed the stopper, a faint odour of peach-blossoms rose like a colour into the air. He went over to Helen and with swift fingers parted her lips, pouring half the contents of the vial down her throat. His eyes were shut. He could not bear to see her convulsions. When she was still again, he lay down beside her on the couch, pulling the rug up over himself so that it covered both of them. Then, unafraid, mechanically, he swallowed the remainder of the pungent liquid. Soon, the room became silent. Only the large, purple orchid lived.

